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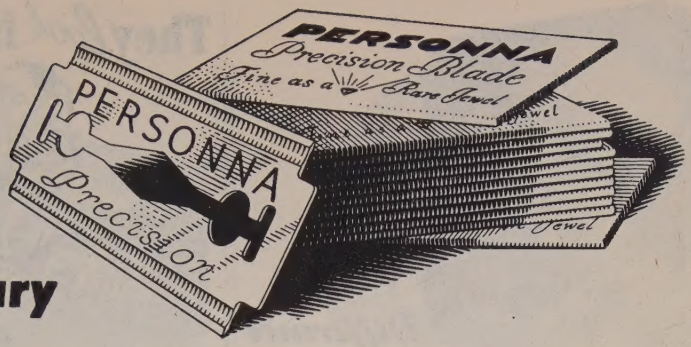

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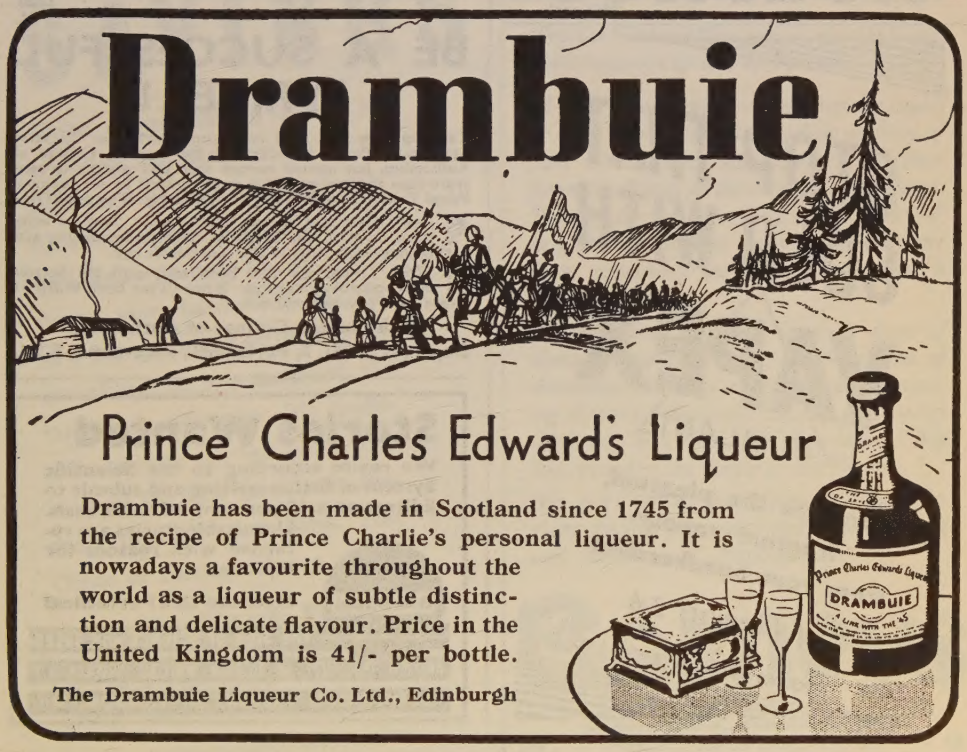

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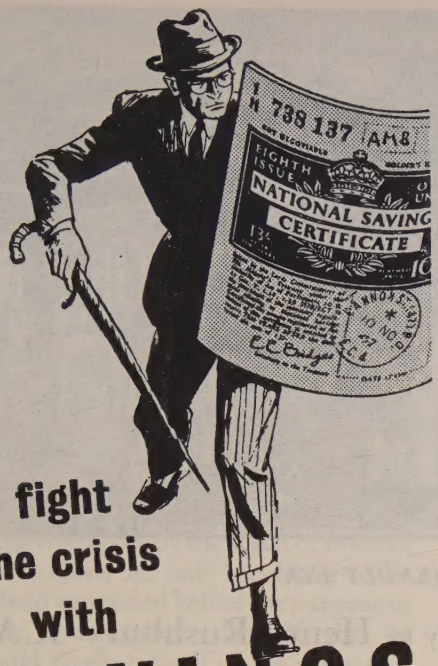

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From a Midland Vicarage came this letter with its peeps of war and peace .. 6/11/47

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The Way of the World

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G.

In these days when 'copy' for a monthly review has to be written and delivered some time before publication, every writer on world affairs runs the risk of being overtaken by the speed of events.[1] His forecasts are only too likely to be realised or refuted before they appear in print, and prudence demands that he should divest himself of the robes of a prophet and deal mainly with future tendencies or with the lessons of the past.

In this connection the fate of Czechoslovakia has been both a warning and a lesson. The collapse of this model democracy showed the Communist technique of internal revolution in its most dangerous and effective form. The revolution was not unexpected, but the speed of its success came as a shock to millions of people in this country who hitherto had paid little attention to the long sequence of abortive conferences and to the increasing hostility between Russia and the Western democracies. Since the end of the war, the complacency of the British public—and complacency is its worst characteristic—had been purblind. Certainly the Russians were a provoking people. The repeated failure of the peace conferences was a nuisance and even our own internal crisis was a financial tangle for the experts to unravel. But pay packets were full, and with the Labour Party in power for ever, there was no chance of war. Why therefore worry, the public argued, and took its place in the queues for football tickets.

The tragedy of Czechoslovakia has poured a cold douche on the shoulders of complacency. For the first time the public realised the threat to peace; for the first time the danger of war—not war in ten years or five years as the military planners had calculated as the earliest possibility, but war today—entered and troubled their minds. More than once I was asked in bus and train what odds I was prepared to lay against war this year. It was clear that, for the time being at least, the public had heard the warning tocsin.

The Czech Revolution

As for the unfortunate Czechoslovaks, we must realise that they have now passed into the Communist camp. But we should also refrain from assuming too quickly that Czechoslovakia has become another Yugoslavia or another Bulgaria. Each nation makes its revolution in its own way, and even Russia cannot dictate the exact pattern. In this respect the Czechoslovak revolution differed considerably from the other revolutions in Central and South-Eastern Europe. It was a Czech and not a Slovak revolution, and because of

[1] Since this was written, Jan Masaryk has died.

ZDENEK FIERLINGER, *Czech Social Democrat leader, the chief culprit in abetting the Communist* coup d'état

Munich and, not least perhaps, of General Eisenhower's unfortunate decision not to allow General Patton to liberate Prague in May, 1945, almost every Czech, whether Communist or anti-Communist, looked to Russia as the only guarantor of his country's security. In spite, therefore, of their Western culture and high standard of education, the Czechs were unwilling to commit themselves to any act or attitude which might lose them the friendship of Russia. To a large extent this accounts for the bloodlessness of a revolution which, nevertheless, had several unpleasant features. The most important was the shilly-shallying of the Social Democrats who, by their *volte-face* towards the Communists, gave a façade of constitutional legality to the establishment of a dictatorship by a single party by the now familiar methods of violence and intimidation. In this surrender the chief culprit was M. Fierlinger, who combines ambition with a weakness of character which has been woefully evident ever since the end of the war. It is a fact worth recording that, until the recent *coup d'état*, both President Beneš and M. Jan Masaryk preferred the practical M. Gottwald to the incalculable M. Fierlinger. The ugliest feature of the revolution was the appearance of General Svoboda on the anniversary of President Masaryk's birthday. Representing the army, he declared that, if Thomas Masaryk were alive today, he would have approved the revolution. This was an outrageous statement. No one can affirm with certainty what Thomas Masaryk would have said today, but everyone who had the honour of his acquaintance knows that, above all things, he hated violence, and that the chief tenet of his philosophy was that the end could not be good if the means to it were evil and violent.

The Lesson of Czechoslovakia

THE future development of the revolution will depend not only on Russia but also on the Czechs who will control it. If M. Gottwald remains at the head of affairs, we may be reasonably assured that he will avoid the extreme forms of violence and will keep open the door of trade with the West, without which it is difficult to see how the Czechs can maintain their standard of living. But there are other Communists who, in certain circumstances, may be more pleasing to the Russians. In the first place stands M. Slansky, the Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party. I have seen him at close quarters and have heard him speak. Tall, erect and ruddy, he has Jewish blood in his veins and the flame of fanaticism in his eyes. He has an excellent record for courage during the German occupation and is the Czechoslovak representative in the Cominform. If more forcible

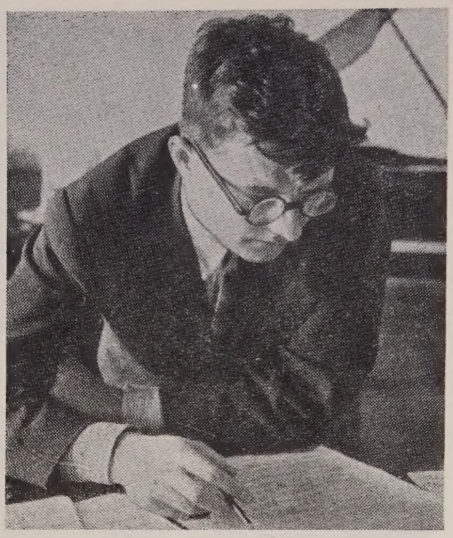
measures are required, he will be a formidable figure. On the whole, however, the Czechs are a stubborn people who are not easily driven. Politically minded, they have been accustomed to know and discuss what is going on in the world. During the German occupation no people listened more attentively to the British broadcasts or invented more ingenious methods for defeating German jamming. It should now be the duty of our broadcasting authorities to see that the Czechs are given a truthful account of the world news which is now being denied to them. There is, I think, little to be gained and much to be lost by criticising them harshly for what has happened.

The tendency to attribute to others the blame for which they themselves are sometimes partly responsible is a weakness of both the British and American Governments. Here again there are lessons to be learnt, not so much by the public as by governments, from the fate of the Czechoslovaks. The first lesson, which indeed had been learnt before but never practised, is that Russia respects strength and despises weakness; the second is that time is not on our side and that against Russia's speed of action the snail's pace of the Western democracies is a danger to them, and a direct encouragement to further aggression by the Soviet Government. In the urgency with which plans for Western Union are now being developed and approved, and in the news that Congress opposition to the European Recovery Programme has almost disappeared, there are welcome signs that the lessons of Czechoslovakia have been learnt and that the rusty wheels of the bureaucratic machine have been given a much-needed oiling.

M. SLANSKY, *Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party, and one of the founders of the Cominform*

Where is Russia Going?

THERE is, indeed, great need that the wheels should go round quickly. In spite of the recent progress towards Western unity, it is now ten months since Mr. Marshall threw out a suggestion for aid to a Europe that would help itself in his speech at Harvard. His plan has not yet received the approval of Congress, and today the question that is in most men's minds is not so much what country will fall next into Russia's paw as what are Russia's real intentions and where will she stop? As an answer to this enigma, one man's guess is likely to be as good as another's and, since an understanding with Russia is the only hope of peace, a summary of the latest information about internal conditions in that country may be useful as a guide to form. The picture of these conditions shows both strength and weakness. The potential strength is very great, and it would be foolish to ignore it. The Soviet Union possesses nearly all the raw materials necessary for a powerful war economy. It has already



DMITRI SHOSTAKOVITCH, *famous Russian composer, has been reproved for not composing on 'Party lines'*

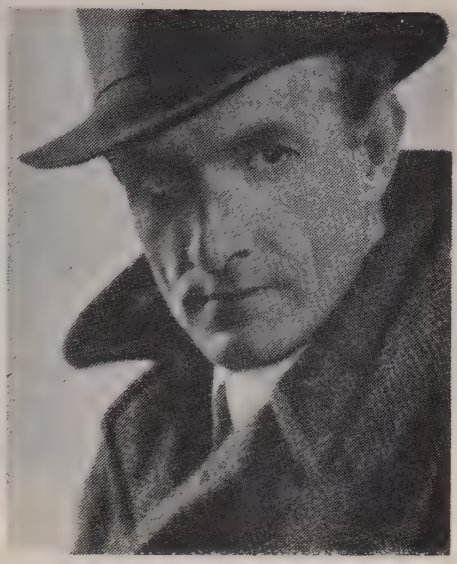
an industry large enough to support powerful armies. While Britain and the United States have demobilised to an extent which the experts already consider alarming, the Soviet Government is bringing up the young generation of Russians in a spirit of patriotism and preparedness for war. The importance of physical and military strength is the first plank in Russia's educational programme, and the constant abuse of Western civilisation and of the Western democracies which is poured out daily by Russian propaganda is directed as much to Russian youth as to possible converts in foreign countries. The alliance of the recent war is not so much forgotten as perverted into a constant reminder that Russia won the war single-handed, and to the Russian people the Anglo-Americans are presented as 'perfidious friends' who tried to bleed Russia to death and who launched the Second Front with the sole intention of robbing Russia of the fruits of victory. Moreover, a totalitarian state like Russia which for more than thirty years has kept its people in complete ignorance of all that is happening in the world, is able to maintain an internal discipline and a consistency of secret diplomacy and strategy which are unthinkable, let alone applicable, in democratic countries. These are disturbing facts which should be realised more fully than they are by the people of this country. They are supported by a still greater asset: the fanatical belief of the Communists in the inevitability of their ultimate triumph and in the decadence and ultimate collapse of Western civilisation. In all speculation, therefore, about Russia's intentions, we must never forget that her avowed aim is universal Communism. Indeed, the Russians themselves make no attempt to conceal this fact, and little consolation can be gained by reviving the old story that, while Trotsky stood for world-revolution, Stalin was content with Communism in his own country. This is, and has long been, an illusory dream. In their views on world-revolution the only difference between Stalin and Trotsky was one of timing.

This is a dark picture, but it has its brighter aspects. Russia is still a backward country with a standard of living that is still well below that of Western Europe. The Communists, too, are numerically a small section of the Russian people, most of whom have not shed their old habits of laziness and inefficiency. Science and, above all, the application of science to technical developments, are far below the level of more advanced countries. Transport is still a formidable weakness, and, if our own civil service may seem to move like a goods train, it is an express in comparison with the slowness of the Russian bureaucracy. The ravages of two world wars and a civil war within the last thirty years have been severe,

and all internal evidence indicates that a long period of reconstruction is essential before Russia can even contemplate the risks of another war. In the problem of timing we can, I think, regard Stalin as a realist. Nor is the violence of Russian propaganda to be counted solely as a sign of strength. Whatever its effect may be abroad, internally it is a proof of weakness, for how else can we explain the rigid control maintained by the Soviet leaders to prevent any contact between their people and foreigners than by the explanation that they are afraid of Western influence? This control is more severe than ever today, and the severity is not without reason. As the frequent purges in artistic, literary and musical circles show, the educated Soviet citizen is interested in Western culture. Nor, as far as we can judge, is he affected by propaganda or even by threats. He is, however, forced to accept the line of the Communist Party or suffer starvation or a worse fate. And often he finds ingenious ways of satisfying both his conscience and the Communist inquisitors. In a lower degree the same interest in Western culture is to be found among the Russian masses, among whom no Russian-speaking foreigner has ever discovered any desire for war or any sign of a warlike spirit. For all its arrogance, Communist policy is dictated as much by fear and suspicion as by self-confidence.

A Policy for Peace

PERSONALLY I still believe that Russia has no intention of going to war. During recent months comparisons between the Communists and Nazis have become a favourite pastime with Americans and Englishmen. I agree that there are many parallels, but there is one large difference. The Nazis preferred to gain their ends by intimidation, but were



LLEWELLYN CHANTER, *Editor of* Whitehall Letter

prepared to fight at once if their demands were refused. The Russian Communists use the same methods of intimidation, but are not prepared to go to war for them just now. Their military strength is in their infantry and they know, perhaps better than some foreigners who are always encouraging Soviet aggression by grossly exaggerated fears of Russia's overwhelming might, that infantry is likely to play a very small part in any future war.

There is, however, one danger in the Russian technique of the cold war. A prolonged period of armistice such as we have today is peculiarly favourable to an unscrupulous diplomacy which, by playing on the well-known dislike of the British and American people for war and by prolonging chaos, obtains easy victories by subversive penetration. It is a dangerous technique, because the nation which exploits it may make a miscalculation and go too far.

For a long time now the Russians have been pursuing these tactics with increasing vigour. How are they to be

Christiansborg Castle, Accra, residence of the Governor of the Gold Coast where there has been recent rioting

checked peacefully, for that is the whole problem of world peace? The answer, I think, is a policy which combines the four essentials of unity, firmness, confidence and speed, and which is a necessary popular adjunct to Government policy. As far as unity is concerned, we must not only help to build up Western Europe economically, politically and strategically, but also be united in our own purpose. The only effective form of Western Union is one in which each member-nation will be united both in the common purpose of the Union and in itself. Although firmness is necessary in all dealings with Russia, it should not be an aggressive firmness. In the hope of eventually achieving European unity, every endeavour should be made to trade with the Soviet Union and its satellites. As for speed, its virtues are relative. Democracies move slowly. They cannot hope to create Western unity by the same methods as those used by Russia for the consolidation of Eastern Europe. Confidence is, perhaps, the essence of the whole problem. We must have confidence in ourselves, in our culture and in our own way of living. Above all, we must do nothing to make the outside world conclude that we are compromising with our own principles. Europe is divided not only geographically but ideologically, and the struggle in which we are engaged today is one between the forces of materialism and the spiritual forces. The only way in which we can defeat Communism is not by war, but by the creation of a better moral and economic order which will revive the West and serve as a pattern to other countries. I do not believe that we can create this order without a spiritual regeneration. And spiritual regeneration is a question not only of religion but of living rightly: that is, of living for something more than material pleasures and personal greed. In principle there are many objections to coalitions and secret diplomacy, but we may have need of both before we are through our troubles.

New Look for a President

LIKE Wall Street, political opinion in the United States is prone to sharp and sudden changes, particularly in the year of a Presidential Election. No President

that I can recall has swayed so much in popular estimation as Mr. Truman. Succeeding to the Presidency after President Roosevelt's death, he made a good start, sank low a year later, and within a year had risen again to high favour. In the autumn of last year the sudden propulsion of General Eisenhower as a possible candidate reacted against Mr. Truman. All the polls showed that the General would have been an easy winner. His withdrawal left the field open again, and, in the absence of any outstanding Republican candidate, President Truman, although hampered by Mr. Wallace's Third Party, seemed once more in the lead. Since then, however, he has lost ground steadily and his chances are rated low.

The situation, in fact, is similar to that in this country where many people would like the Labour Government to go, but have no great confidence in the Conservative Party. It would seem now that a majority of Americans do not desire President Truman's election, do not trust Mr. Wallace and have little confidence in any of the Republican candidates. Hence the amazing rally round an ideal non-party candidate like General Eisenhower. The issue—and to this country it is of vital importance—is therefore wide open, and before the end many prophets may be confounded.

White Man's Twilight

THE recent troubles in the Gold Coast are a salutary reminder that the economic development of Africa, however desirable and, indeed, inevitable it may be in a shrinking world, cannot be successfully accomplished without a wise consideration of the interests of the Africans themselves.

In the train of the trader and the explorer the Europeans have brought their civilisation, language and education and, consciously and sometimes unconsciously, have imposed them on the African. Even in what was once called 'Darkest Africa' he has learnt to read and write, and with knowledge have come new desires. He is not ripe for self-government, but inexorably his thoughts and dreams are moving in that direction. It is of little avail to denounce the trouble-makers as Communists. Colonial progress is always achieved at the expense of the nation which introduces it, and today there are already Africans who say with Caliban:

> 'You taught me language; and my profit on't
> Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you.'

The end is not in sight, but the duration of the transition period will be determined by the temperate wisdom or stubborn folly of the white man.

News-Letter Prophets

I AM a fairly regular reader of the various News-Letters which, during the last twenty years, have grown in importance and in circulation. They reflect various shades of opinion from extreme Conservatism to Communism. They deal with both home and foreign affairs, have useful contacts with Whitehall and foreign embassies, and make bold and sometimes successful prophecies. During the last six months I give first prize for consistent accuracy and at least one remarkable forecast to the *Whitehall Letter* which is managed by Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox and edited by Mr. Llewellyn Chanter. In its issue of 14 November of last year it predicted, under the heading of 'Lights out in Czechoslovakia' and with appropriate comment, that this country was losing its struggle for freedom and that early in the New Year it would be deprived of its independence.

Agricultural Prospects

BRITAIN *CAN* GROW MORE FOOD

Shorn of its complicated jargon, Britain's central economic problem is how to feed 47,000,000 people. It is necessary and possible to feed 60% of the nation from our own soil. How can this be accomplished?

CHRISTOPHER YORK, M.P.

'BRITAIN can feed herself,' Colonel Pollitt showed in his book published in 1942. The practical argument, however, is not whether we can feed ourselves, but what is the desirable level of self-sufficiency to which we should work.

We are not hungry, but we are ill-satisfied. That sums up the food position today for the majority. Are we ever going to obtain a more satisfying diet? Indeed, with the dollar shortage and a narrowing world market for our manufactured goods, can we even maintain our dull and scanty ration?

Harsh economic facts are forcing us to the conclusion that a plentiful table can appear only from our own farms. Yet British agriculture is mostly at half-speed ahead. At times the navigators order full-speed astern. Since the war ended we have had two or three major changes of agricultural policy, and at each change the guts of the machinery have been nearly torn off their mountings. The industry is starved of equipment and of imported animal feeding-stuffs which are far less expensive in dollars than meat and dried eggs which we are buying. While it is starved of the tools, it is stuffed with controls which hamper organisation for higher production.

The present position is not too good, but there is a partly covered skeleton of a vigorous and expanding industry badly in need of leadership, confidence and tools.

Shorn of all its complicated jargon, economic and commercial policy—the export and import problem—is simply a matter of how to feed forty-seven million people; in other words, a Food Procurement policy, of which the three main items to be procured are food, animal feeding-stuffs and oil.

First we must have more good, sustaining food. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, sugar, milk, butter, fats, cheese, eggs, meat, fruit, vegetables are our principal foods. We cannot buy all we need from the world, but we can grow it ourselves.

Secondly, animal feeding-stuffs. It is desirable from some points of view, and it would be possible, to cut out the purchase of meat, bacon, eggs, butter and cheese from outside the Empire if, instead, we could buy the coarse grains and oil-seeds to feed the cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry at home. We are producing at home incomparably more crops to process through animals into high-calorie human food than pre-war. We still need to import barley, maize, linseed, and other oil-seeds and meals. We also obtain animal feeding-stuffs from the residues of wheat, which is milled for bread, and from the crushing of oil-seeds for paint, linoleum, etc.

In 1938 we used seven million tons of imported feeding-stuffs in addition to home-grown crops. In 1946 we imported only 1,884,000 tons, and in 1947 1,968,000 tons. The need is for more home-grown animal foods of higher feeding value and more imported foods to make up the balance. The balance is available in the world and must be obtained.

Thirdly, oil. It must be recognised that agriculture depends very largely on imported oil. There are now, working, about 240,000 tractors, compared with 55,000

4

in 1939. The comparable figure for horses is 724,200 in 1939 and 546,500 in 1947.

Taking only those foods of which we produce over thirty per cent of today's rations, we grow:

40%	of our	wheat
90%	,,	barley
33%	,,	sugar
100%	,,	potatoes
100%	,,	fresh milk
50%	,,	dried and condensed milk
45%	,,	meat
40%	,,	bacon and ham
55%	,,	fresh fruit
93%	,,	vegetables.

We produce under 30% of our butter, cheese and eggs. Most of the imported wheat, barley, dried and condensed milk, sugar, bacon and ham has to be paid for in dollars, and also about half of our imported meat, cheese and eggs.

This is the position today, but a considerable increase in our food supply above our present ration is very necessary even to bring it back to the 1938 standard.

Food We Could Grow

The potential increase in home-grown food is enormous. To give one example: if sufficient grass-drying machinery and equipment were available to work this summer, as much protein (the measure of a feeding-stuffs value) could be produced from one million acres of land as we obtain from three million acres of growing oats.

Assuming that labour, equipment, machinery, sufficient imported feeding-stuffs and a full working advisory service were available, and that farm prices were increased where necessary to make the use of difficult land economically possible, how much increase could we obtain?

We might be able to increase the production of wheat and barley by ten per cent, but this would be a costly business both in agricultural resources and in money because second-rate land would have to be used. It would be far more beneficial to import this necessary addition.

We could increase our sugar crop up to forty per cent of our total 1938 requirements if harvesting machinery were more widely available, if factory capacity were increased, and if bread rationing were discontinued. A free market in bread would reduce the demand for potatoes, which is an alternative crop to sugar beet on many farms. This increase would also benefit the supplies of animal feeding-stuffs.

A student at an agricultural college 'takes over the reins'

We could increase the supply of milk by the ten per cent necessary with very little extra help. The main difficulty is to increase the milk supply in winter, and this problem is really only soluble if the cow will produce her calf according to plan.

It is necessary first to satisfy the customers' demand for liquid milk, but once this is achieved, the surplus is available for making butter and cheese. In passing, it should not be forgotten that the milk separated from the cream is an excellent food, rich in minerals and invaluable for cooking. Butter-making depends upon a considerable increase in the milk supply, which in turn depends upon increasing the stock-carrying capacity of our land and on a better breeding policy.

An increase in beef also depends upon these improvements. We can carry the extra cows and the growing heifers, plus a far larger number of fattening beasts, when

Tomorrow's scientific farmers on their one-year course at the Plumpton Institute

we conserve the high feeding value of grass to a much greater extent than at present.

Because of a serious loss of breeding stock in the winter of 1946–7, and because of the lack of profit in breeding sheep, it will not be easy to increase production of mutton and lamb; but the land, low and high, is physically capable of giving a very considerable increase.

The pig population could be greatly increased in a very short time. The pig is the most useful and economical of all farm animals. One Wiltshire-type bacon pig, if fed five cwts. of meal, will produce one cwt. of bacon and one-third of a cwt. of other good food. With plentiful barley and maize we could produce nearly half our bacon and ham by the end of 1949, and a large increase in pork and offals; by 1952 we could produce all the pig meat we need.

I estimate that, given the food and the other necessary tools, we can become self-supporting up to sixty per cent of our needs of meat within three years, and as meat—and in particular pig meat—comes largely from dollar sources, it is most necessary that this increase in production should be obtained.

To summarise the potentialities of agriculture: 100 per cent of milk, eggs and bacon, ham and roast chicken, potatoes and vegetables, sixty per cent of the meat supply—all this can be grown at home.

The contribution of the Empire to our larder is very large, and it is reasonable to expect an increase in supplies: from Africa, oil-seeds and fats; from Australia, wheat and meat. Canada, however, is in a difficult position over dollars, and may not be able to continue supplies on the same scale.

When the increase in home production is added to the present and potential Empire supplies, we can then obtain a picture of the balance which we require to import from foreign countries. This balance should so far as possible be confined to coarse grains and oil-seeds.

Having roamed through a delectable dream of plentiful and tempting foods, let us face the bill, the resources which the nation must put aside to achieve the aim.

A considerable increase in the labour force, preferably from our own men, but if necessary from Baltic and Polish refugees, is essential.

There are 900,000 agricultural workers today, including prisoners of war. Under the Government programme an additional 100,000 is required, but this is a rough guess and may not be adequate. Men to look after livestock will be most needed, and are most difficult to find.

Rapid house-building on farms, as well as in villages, and a shift system, will do much to overcome the reluctance of men to come back to the land; but the ever-mounting wage demands in other industries are most harmful.

Machinery and equipment come next, and this means steel. An annual replacement of 40,000 tractors is required. Cultivating and harvesting machines, new steel buildings and water-pipes are all urgently necessary. It may well mean an annual steel tonnage of 500,000 tons, and food production has still no real priority in steel supplies.

There is an immediate and urgent demand for a plentiful supply of spare parts so that merchants' stockrooms can prevent losses. The next harvest has already been

Without adequate housing accommodation, workers will not be attracted to the land. These new Council houses at Bury, Sussex, are reserved for agriculural workers

reduced because machinery, ploughs and tractors were immobilised in the autumn for want of spare parts and ploughshares.

Steel for covered yards, in which to keep the cows, bullocks and pigs, is needed in large quantities; and more steel for labour-saving machinery in the farm buildings, to allow a farmer to keep a greater number of animals without more men.

Resources Are There

Further resources will require to be earmarked for the production of fertilisers. Electricity, to save time, to increase efficiency and to reduce costs, is badly needed.

It will be seen that a considerable increase will be needed in the amount of national resources diverted to serve the food-production campaign. It is in the implementation of this diversion that we can judge the seriousness of the efforts made by our Government to obtain the desired level of self-sufficiency.

It may well be asked at this point whether the managers and the men, workshops, buildings, houses and fields, are efficient for the job; and what of the living machinery—the herds and flocks; and whether adequate finance is available.

There can be no doubt in anybody's mind, after the wartime miracles of production, that the managers and men are good—very good. Further advances in increasing efficiency depend upon spreading the results of research and development; and upon educational and advisory facilities being available on a far greater scale than is at present the case. We need more and better stockmen and mechanics; short specialist courses would produce these results.

The signs for the future are bright. The Young Farmers' Club movement is lively and progressive. As to the new recruits, farm workers are nearly all experts and you cannot become a useful man in a few months. A new entry can earn his keep very quickly, but it takes at least two full seasons before he begins to understand what partnership with nature means.

The farms of today are not all ideal production units. The first essential is that all farms producing livestock and livestock products should be within a ring fence. It is impossible to wage war on disease unless the farmer can prevent disease walking on to his farm. But the readjustment of farm boundaries is an explosive problem and can only be done gradually.

The size of the farm is determined by two factors in the majority of cases, the

managerial capacity of the farmer and the quality of the soil. Forty-six per cent of our farms are between twenty and 150 acres, and only twelve per cent are over 150 acres. This distribution is suitable for either present or for more intensive production.

Buildings and Livestock

Field equipment is still in an early stage of development. The aim of a piped water supply to each field can only be achieved as fast as licences, materials and labour can be obtained. It is, however, an essential part of the programme of increased livestock production.

Good farm roads would add to the ease of working, as well as to the life of the machinery and of the farmer, too.

One other field improvement which is very desirable is the provision of shelter belts of trees. If there is plentiful shelter from wind in the fields, there are only a few weeks in the year when even production animals need to be housed. By this improvement the enchanting tree-enfolded aspect of our countryside would be preserved and a substantial contribution made to the national timber supply.

Farm buildings need serious consideration. Farms have grown up on the simple plan of building shelters round an open yard. Consequently buildings are not easy to adapt to modern requirements of heavy stocking and mechanised cultivation. The objective when replanning those buildings is to save labour in looking after the livestock—to make it possible for one man to look after twice as many animals.

It is probably true to say that the majority of farm buildings, including cow-sheds, are out of date. The ideal is to have the entire farm under one roof, the subdivision of which would be of a movable or semi-permanent nature. The only building of a permanent nature would be the storehouse for corn, feeding stuffs, fertilisers, small tools and equipment.

It is important to plan all buildings on a standard dimension to reduce the production costs of the buildings. Once the idea is accepted, it would allow structural steel engineers to mass-produce standard parts.

Our livestock is still pre-eminent in the world. We aim to produce hardy, healthy, disease-free cattle which breed regularly and are good converters of the food they eat. There is no room in the industry for keepers of diseased and scraggy animals.

De-horning of cattle is essential to increase our stock-carrying capacity. Recording of production capabilities will also help to that end. As we need more meat, dual-purpose cattle to produce milk and meat become a necessity. And payment should be based more on quality and less on weight.

The soil is the basis of our whole system, and undoubtedly that raw material promises more scope than any other of our assets in working towards self-sufficiency.

It is possible to obtain large crops of grass

Many of our farm buildings are dilapidated and out of date. We need more modern dairy farms, as in the picture above

off most of the land—moorland and heather included—if the nation could meet the bill. But we must balance costs and needs.

There are thirty-one million acres of cultivated land in Britain and seventeen-and-a-quarter million acres of rough grazing, mostly moorland. While much can be done to increase production on the rough grazing, it is necessary for physical reasons to concentrate on increasing production on the cultivated land. It should not be forgotten that much-increased timber production will arise out of the large-scale operations of the Forestry Commission on rough grazing land. The increase in production from the cultivated land will come mainly from livestock products obtained by a big increase in the production of protein. The protein is available in grass. Here research and development come in. Artificial drying of grass is barely out of its infancy in Britain; yet it has been calculated that dried crops—grass, sugar beet tops and potato haulm—could in time give us the production ration for the whole of the nation's milk supply.

There were probably about three hundred driers in operation on farms last year, and to achieve a big increase in protein production, we should need to set up three-hundred large drying-plants a year. This could not be done at once, because manufacturers of the plant are not equipped to produce on this large scale, but it could be done if the need and advantages were recognised in high places.

With big grass crops, better managed and preserved, we can achieve our production target within four years, and thereafter we can increase those targets, especially in dairy products.

It is held by Government spokesmen that finance is not a bar to increased production, but this is not so. Owing to the severe limitation on retained profits, it takes a very long time for a farmer to repay a loan from his bank. Other Government-sponsored lending agencies are virtually useless because of their rigidity. The new Income Tax Law has made it possible to write off equipment and machinery against profits in a reasonable time, but finance to increase working capital has to be borrowed from the bank. Higher net profits would be often invaluable help to increasing production.

A 'combine' at work in Warwickshire. More steel must be allocated for farm machinery

To sum up, it is both desirable and possible to feed sixty per cent of the nation from our own soil with a substantial and attractive menu. Half the balance can be obtained from the Empire. Here is a picture of the contribution which ought to be obtained from our soil to help close the gap in our balance of payments. To do so would require a considerable increase in that proportion of the national effort devoted to providing the tools for the job.

Today we can see no possibility of a return to the trading conditions of 1938; our export efforts appear increasingly less remunerative; our foreign capital resources are much reduced, and we can no longer obtain without productive effort all our meat, wool, cotton or wheat, as we did in 1938; and the foreign food we used to buy will never return to those pre-war price levels which were founded upon neo-slave labour.

It is worth while to devote this higher proportion of our resources to providing food at home because the alternative is to go without.

All except bad music

BENJAMIN BRITTEN, British Opera Revivalist

To the neglected field of English opera, Britten has brought energy, zest for experiment and superb talent. His *Peter Grimes* has been translated into eight languages and now reaps success at the ultra-conservative Metropolitan in New York. His re-creation of the *Beggar's Opera* is due at Cambridge on 24 May, and another full-scale work (with the English Civil War as its theme) is under way.

The stooping, curly-haired man with the sagacious nose and heavy-lidded eyes, at thirty-four has more major work behind him than years. His piano recitals (usually with his friend Peter Pears, the tenor) give him the time and opportunity to compose.

This he does, Anthony Trollope-like, by the clock and the calendar. Beginning only when a work is already clear in his mind, he composes independently of emotional inspiration—though his earliest works were usually inspired 'by a shipwreck of the loss of a girl friend'.

Son of a Lowestoft dentist, he showed an early aptitude for mathematics, which is now reflected in the structural intricacy of his music. Refusing to be bound 'within the prison of a personal idiom', he believes that a composer should compose any kind of music, except bad music. He writes a calypso as well as a string quartet. His promise remains as great as his achievement.

MARC CHAGALL, Painter of Imagination

In his pictures, most of the humans and animals fly, but Chagall himself hates flying. Landing with an obvious relief after his first flight, he said: 'The aeroplane is too fantastic.' His pictures, presumably, are not, though his trains and houses are turned upside down. Yet it is probably their colourful fantasy which attracted thousands of Londoners who, after surprising aesthetes with their queues for Van Gogh at the Tate Gallery, recently showed themselves quite unperturbed by Chagall's wilder eccentricities.

Born in 1889 in Vitebsk, White Russia, he studied at St. Petersburg under the famous ballet designer, Leon Bakst, and by 1910 was in Paris and engulfed in the cultural revolution headed by Pablo Picasso, whom he counts as one of his friends. In Russia after the Revolution, he designed stage sets and became an Art Commissar. Bored with Bolshevism, he emigrated to Paris and, in 1941, to America. A visitor to his modern flat in New York describes the walls as 'a cross between a primitive zoo and a Martian procession'.

Unlike many modernistic painters, Chagall does not strike poses. He is simple, charming to everyone and has a great sense of humour. His pictures, though individualistic and fanciful, are not frightening or repulsive; Americans have recently discovered that they make attractive Christmas cards.

His pictures 'fly'

He needs no interpreter

MOSHE SHERTOK, Zionist Diplomat

The representative of the Jewish Agency at U.N.O. last December, he won the Palestine Jews' first big diplomatic victory: the plan to partition Palestine. When the Jewish State is formed, he will undoubtedly be its first Foreign Minister.

Unlike most Jewish leaders, he knows the Arabs and their problems most intimately. The son of a Russian Zionist, he was born in Kherson in the Ukraine in 1894. Going to Palestine with his parents when he was a young boy, Shertok lived for several years in the small Arab village of Ain Suniyiah, in Samaria. He learnt Arabic as easily as he later learnt Turkish, Russian, English, French, German and, of course, Yiddish and Hebrew. After working on *Davar*, the Jewish daily newspaper, Shertok became the head of the Jewish Agency's Political Department in 1933. Like David Ben-Gurion, who is tipped as the future Premier, Shertok is a leader of the Palestine Labour Party.

He is a brilliant politician with an inclination towards economics which he studied at the London School of Economics. A small, dapper man with black hair and a small moustache, he could pass for an Arab. He has the quiet nature of a scholar and is not easily aroused. At recent U.N.O. meetings, Shertok annoyed Australia's Doctor Evatt by never listening to interpreters until the latter was told that he did not need one.

UNMASKED

He speaks America's mind

GEORGE VENABLE ALLEN, America's Propagandist

A YOUTHFUL-LOOKING North Carolina man who plays badminton and knows the Russians, George Allen was recently chosen by the Secretary of State to direct 'The Voice of America', whose round-the-clock broadcasts are countering Soviet propaganda in every quarter.

When he went to Teheran in April 1946, Allen was America's youngest ambassador. He is now forty-four, and has specialised in Mediterranean and Middle Eastern affairs. While he was in Persia, he was the Russian radio's bugbear; he was accused of all sorts of nefarious activities. He experienced the Soviet cold war methods at first hand.

Allen is mild and unassuming. He always begins to reply to important questions with a diffident smile which tends to give the impression that he is not sure of himself. But he has a cold, logical brain and his judgment is extremely quick. When, as a young man, he worked as a reporter on a North Carolina newspaper, he was known for his unquenchable thirst for facts. Now a diplomat, he has lost none of it. In the State Department, Allen is often the peacemaker, for he can get people together and make them see each other's viewpoints.

Besides 'The Voice of America', Allen, as Assistant-Secretary of State for Public Affairs, is in charge of all the U.S. cultural and educational projects overseas.

MIGUEL MIRANDA, Peron's Head Salesman

FROM Buenos Aires, where he sits behind a massive mahogany desk at the Central Bank of Argentina, this portly, over-groomed little man controls Britain's meat ration.

Miranda's life is the typical Latin-American success story, that of the man with the *pesos* who gambled on a politician and won. He made his first fortune by cornering tin supplies during the war and manufacturing cans for Argentina's bully beef. Now, he controls thirty factories. President Juan Peron, whose early campaigns he backed, made him President of the Central Bank, head of IAPI, the government buying agency, and boss of the Argentine Five-Year Plan.

Miranda's personality is likeable and amusing. He bounces around, offering cigars to those to whom he talks. He loves good Scotch whisky; during difficult negotiations it mellows him but his opponents find that the bargain he drives is all the harder. A joke will always find him ready with a flashing Latin smile. In negotiations, he talks fast and smoothly in a husky, mellow voice.

His knowledge of world markets and his sense of timing are uncanny. Sentimentalities do not bother him. Pesos, dollars and pounds are what counts with Miguel Miranda. Moreover, he is utterly unashamed for holding up the world to ransom with Argentina's meat, wheat and linseed. But few people can ever get angry with Miranda. He is too *simpatico*.

'Sentimentalities do not bother him'

The instrument of a cause

MAO-TSE-TUNG, Chinese Communist

IN North China today, it is Mao-Tse-Tung who calls the tune. Though he was winkled out of Yenan, his capital, a year ago, his armies have now conquered the whole of Manchuria and vast areas of China.

At fifty-five, he is one of Asia's most compelling personalities. The son of a Hunan peasant, Mao educated himself and won fame as a scholar. He is the only outstanding Communist leader who has never been to Russia. His Communism is very much Chinese: it is a fervid expression of revolt against the evils which make the Chinese peasant's life so unspeakably hard.

A calm, often morose man, he is the builder of Red China. He is extremely modest, usually speaks in whispers with his eyes lowered. Like many Communist leaders, Mao does not think of himself as a person but as the instrument of a cause. His followers respect and admire him, but he is not loved. He has no warmth, no personal appeal, but the clarity of his thinking and his grasp of world affairs have surprised many a Western visitor. Above all, he is tenacious. He never compromised with Japan, never gave in to 'Gissimo' Chiang-Kai-shek even when his first wife and his sister were executed by the Central Government. For close on eighteen years, he has been the one constant factor in troublous China. To Chiang, he is worth £62,500 dead or alive.

Communism in Germany

As 'anti-Fascists', the core of the German Communist Party survived the Hitler régime. The Eastern Zone is a Russian satellite. In the Western Zone the Communists are stronger than their official numerical strength suggests

RUTH FISCHER[1]

In the ever-growing family of Communist parties, that of Germany is perhaps one of the least known, because the least studied.

During the years of Hitler terror, when the Communists were objects of Nazi vilification, German Communists attained sympathy in the liberal and labour world. These first victims of the SS, these refugees, represented not the power of Russia, but the horrible power of Nazi Germany. During the 'thirties, with the growing antagonism between Germany and the West, German Communists found a wide hearing as the most determined opponents of German militarism. In France, Britain and the United States they founded a multitude of 'anti-Fascist' fronts. They infiltrated to an amazing degree conservative organisations; they penetrated even the administrative and intelligence services of these countries. German anti-Fascists were the favoured messenger-boys of Moscow, everywhere much better received than their Russian colleagues, regarded throughout the world as the first and truest anti-Fascists, with an aura of martyrdom about them.

Ever since 1935, since the Seventh World Congress of the Comintern, lib-labs had accepted the Moscow line that Hitler had been able to come to power only because the German labour movement was split, that Fascism would never have triumphed if the anti-Fascists had been united. There was a slight difference in interpretation: the Politburo put the entire responsibility on the Social Democrats; they and the liberals accepted this blame to a large degree but pointed to the political errors of the German Communists during the Weimar Republic. Only a small group of staunch Right-Wingers insisted that the entire responsibility of splitting labour's ranks was with the Communists. Thus it became a fetish for them that unity of the labour movement was the first premise of the fight against Fascism. No one in the western labour camp thought out what it meant to have a united front with the Stalinist Politburo, to ally oneself with the men who engineered the mass purges of their own organisation, the enforced terroristic transfer of millions of peasants during the period of 'dekulakisation', who showed by their record in the Spanish Civil War that these GPU methods, given the proper moment, were also for export.

Much should be said to show how utterly false the anti-Fascist view of Russian Communism was, but perhaps nothing brings us so quickly to the point as the fact that in the main the Communist apparatus has survived. During the first years after the Nazis took power, they attacked the German Communists with vigour, in order to consolidate that power. And over the whole of the Nazi period the rank and file of the party suffered death and torment. The Gestapo found even easier victims among the liberal, often Jewish, hangers-on, the counterparts to the readers of *Reynold's News* or *PM*. But after the Nazi régime toppled, one could see that the core of the Communist Party had survived. Last December, when I travelled through the Western Zones, I heard literally hundreds of names familiar to me from the early 'twenties, men now in power in the Soviet Zone or seeking it in the West. How is it

[1] Ruth Fischer, a former Communist member of the Reichstag and now one of Communism's bitterest opponents, has recently returned from a tour of Germany. Her past experiences enable her to judge the strength of German Communism more accurately than any ordinary observer. Her book *Stalin and German Communism*, is to be published in America by the Harvard University Press.

that the German Communists, the most publicised martyrs of Fascist terror, have in large part survived this murderous régime?

First, the top leaders were enabled by Moscow's help to leave the country and were never caught by the morass that their 'orderly retreat' before Nazism had brought about. Secondly, the mutual calumniation between Soviet and Nazi propaganda machines never wiped out either the continuing relations between the two countries or the possibility that the two largest police states of Europe might one day find it in their interest to work together. The pact of 1939 was not born without gestation; during the Nazi period important Communists were regarded as enemies on the domestic scene but also as future links to a possible foreign ally.

Given the opportunity of survival by this political fact, German Communists were able to take full advantage of it. Unlike the concentration camps of Stalin's Russia, in which the NKVD use ordinary criminals in the administration, in the German camps it was the 'politicals' in the main who ran the camps. By the end of the war the German concentration camp was run by its Communist cell, which had its people in administrative posts, and, in general, by a combination of adjustment to camp life with conspiratorial resistance, was able to survive and even expand. Parallel to the Nazi terror machine, there was an unofficial Communist terror machine, which liquidated 'traitors' and obstreperous opponents.

Return of the Communists

After the end of the war, when the various Allied armies released the *concentrationnaires* from their camps, the Communists spread throughout Germany and were received by American, British and French, as well as by Russian officials, as proved anti-Nazis, as eminently suitable substitutes for Nazi officials. They were joined almost immediately by a wave of returning refugees.

The smoke had not yet cleared over Berlin when a large group of German Communists arrived with the tank columns of Marshal Zhukov. They were led by the veteran, Wilhelm Pieck, accompanied by his son, Arthur, in the uniform of a Russian major, and Walter Ulbricht, the ambitious Thuringian party bureaucrat. These German Communists, residents of Moscow since 1933, now led the party.

'Father' Pieck boasts of his old friendship with Karl Liebknecht, but he never mentions the services he rendered the NKVD during the many years he lived in Moscow. A carpenter by trade, Pieck was a typical German labour organiser, who never acquired any deep political insight—a fact of which both Comintern leaders and Pieck himself have long been aware. He became the NKVD's No. 1 confidence man in Berlin; today he is known among Berlin workers as Wilhelm III.

Pieck's right bower is Walter Ulbricht, who wears a Lenin beard, speaks Russian and is married to a Russian. Also a carpenter, a petty party bureaucrat, he climbed to his present post not in Berlin, but in Moscow, where a strong stomach and boundless acquiescence can compensate for many faults. His job in Moscow was to keep the NKVD files of German Communists up to date.

The group of German Communists who lived through the Nazi period in Russia comprise several hundred, including a large number of writers, poets, propagandists. Edwin Hornle, an old friend of Rosa Luxemburg, is now organising the peasant movement. Richard Gyptner, a youth organiser from Hamburg who is bound through the Communist youth international to the second generation of Communists throughout Europe, is back in Berlin; he is one of the coming men.

London was host to a large group of German Communists, centring around Wilhelm Könen, a former Reichstag deputy, now in Berlin. An expert on British policy, he is surrounded by a staff of co-refugees from Britain. One of his main assistants in London, Karl Becker, now leads the educational department of the Cochum miners' union in the British Zone.

The Americans have also added valuable elements to the amalgum. In 1941 eighty

German Communists went from Marseilles to Mexico City, where they founded a Free Germany Committee, published a magazine, and organised Free Germany Committees throughout Latin America. They now have an excellent knowledge of the political and social situation there. At the head of this group was a trade union organiser, Paul Merker, who wrote in Mexico a two-volume history of the German labour movement, and it includes writers as well known as Anna Seghers. Paul Merker, a shade more moderate in his views concerning the monopoly of the Communist Party, has had differences with Ulbricht about the terrorist methods used against the Social Democrats in the Eastern Zone. Merker is therefore still in the background, but later he may play an important part.

The New York group was composed largely of high NKVD agents with mainly technical functions. Albert Schreiner, Alfred Kantorowicz, and Gustav Deter were three of the most prominent.

To round off the picture, the ex-Communists who have returned to the fold should be mentioned. Typical is Jakob Walcher, who arrived in America in 1941 as an anti-Fascist refugee. He was expelled from the German Communist party in 1929, and organised an independent Socialist Workers' Party, whose aim was to unite the Communist and Social Democratic brothers into one militant party. Walcher had lived in Moscow from 1923 to 1928, and during the time he was outside the party, he not only avoided attacking Stalin's person or Russsian foreign policy, but maintained his personal contacts with the GPU in Moscow. Such a man could hardly have failed to win his present prominent post in the Berlin trade union organisation.

Communism in Western Germany

The re-integration of these Communist *cadres* into the life of Germany's new political bodies took about a year to complete. It was achieved largely in secret, and in the Soviet Zone it culminated with the swallowing of the Social Democratic Party into the New Socialist Unity Party.

In May 1945, Gustav Dahrendorf, then leader of the German Social Democrats, went to the Berlin Communist headquarters to plead for working-class unity. He came too early for Russian plans and Wilhelm Pieck did not see him. He waited for hours in the cold ante-chamber of Major Arthur Pieck, and achieved nothing. A year later, Dahrendorf was back in the British Zone, a refugee from Soviet terror, and the Social Democrats of Berlin were fighting bitterly against *Gleichschaltung*. The myth of anti-Fascism had encountered the test of life. The reality of the Russian occupation told more of Stalin's Russia than a hundred Trotskyist pamphlets; instead of allied in the fight against Fascism, the Politburo's agents were found to be Hitler's worthy successors in 'realistic' politics. The easy conquest of the Western Zone by incorporation of the labour movement into a Communist-dominated organisation was for the moment blocked.

This does not mean that Communism is not a power in Western Germany. The heritage of anti-Fascism, the alliance of Russian Communism with European labour and liberalism was much too strong to be wiped out by the resistance to the Socialist Unity Party. Painfully the Western Socialists began to reorient their organisation, began to sketch a borderline between themselves and their totalitarian 'friends', in the main with the dated baggage of the Weimar Republic. The German Social Democrats had to pay heavily for the lack of clarity in the socialist world, for the time of confusion when the West, in a united front with Stalin against Fascism, ignored the victims of Stalinist domestic policy, the martyrs of Soviet labour camps and NKVD cellars. The disorientation in their own ranks, infiltration of agents, manipulation of their *cadres* by Moscow engineers, have delayed the crystallisation of a Socialist concept opposed to Stalinist unity.

Thus the German Communists have a monopoly of legality in the Russian Zone, where no other Socialist party is permitted,

but they have also conserved legality for their own organisation in the Western Zones, where the German Communist Party numbers some 350,000 members. The name Communist Party has been maintained because the British and American authorities would not license the name Socialist Unity Party. The Communists have participated in elections, organised their fights, infiltrated extensively into the trade unions, and monopolised the *kultur*. During the anti-Fascist era, it was in the main the Moscow-influenced anti-Nazis who wrote German history and produced anti-Nazi political literature. No other anti-Nazi group has, as yet, produced any substantial amount of anti-Nazi literature in counter-distinction to the made-in-Moscow concept of anti-Fascism. Anti-Fascist Germans could find little but the excellent Communist-line books and magazines; for many months it was forbidden to import any reading matter at all. Victor Kravchenko's revealing book on GPU control of Soviet economy, for example, was not permitted for a long period in the American Zone.

'Democratic' Re-education

It should have been evident from the very beginning that the 'democratic' re-education of the Germans under Russian influence would be a heyday of totalitarian processing of the population. Leadership schools sprang up in the Eastern Zone, the Universities became the key points of dogmatic Stalinism. Jena, an institute for dialectical Marxism, was founded with several thousand students. Youth organisations were swarming with training schools on all levels and of all varieties. The formalities of the old German school system were overruled by Russian military authorities. Political reliability and malleability were the only things that counted. In addition to this schooling, the Kremlin opium of the people, literature and theatre, were given in large doses. Where political infiltration proves difficult, infiltration by the road of culture still has big chances.

The broad legal activities of the Communists in the Western Zone should not be regarded as negligible, even if the percentage of Communist voters is relatively small. The legal apparatus, if it does nothing else, complements and serves as an excellent cover for the various underground organisations, run not only by German Communists but by Nazi organisers, German officers, and members of the conspiratorial group of the Nazi Party.

Refugees are crossing over daily from the Eastern to the Western Zone with stories of persecution and terror. They help stiffen the resistance of the Social Democratic Party, but that does not equalise the growth of the Communist organisations. Eastern Germany is already one of the best organised and best integrated countries in the large area of satellites, for from the very beginning the Russian advisers could act without considering a post-war national structure, as was even the case in Hungary or Rumania. They began from scratch, working in a vacuum; the political control that military victory brought could be applied in Germany without hindrance.

Russian Tactics

The Free Germany Movement, founded in 1943 in Moscow, also plays a part. Many Free German officers are in key positions in the Eastern Zone: for instance, Paul Markgraf, a German officer, decorated with the Hitler Cross of Honour, the *Ritterkreuz*, a member of the Moscow Committee, and today Police President of Berlin, aspiring for the Lenin or Stalin Order. Count von Einsiedel, a direct descendant of Bismarck, on the other hand, has only a modest post on the staff of the Soviet newspaper in Berlin. General von Seydlitz, who heads the main military group, is organising his German army on Russian territory, from which he pays an occasional respectful visit to Berlin headquarters. The Free Germany Movement has a specific function: to win over the millions of Nazis to fight for reunified Germany under Moscow's auspices. The West will be surprised by how well these two organisations will be co-ordinated and how smoothly the fusion between the top levels of the Socialist Unity

Party and the Free Germany Movement will take place.

Celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the Founding of the Red Army, General Alexander G. Kotikov broadcast to Germans last February 22 that 'Germany and Russia will never cross swords again. Russia,' he said, 'had never wanted to make Germans slaves but rather to give them a place among peace-loving nations.'

The plans are ready, the ideology and organisation complete. The campaign has a double aim: to block integration of Western Germany, and by further infiltration to bring it eventually under Russian control. The central slogan is both simple and appealing—unity, unity of the working class, unity of Germany. As a beginning two instruments are ready: the Berlin People's Congress and propaganda for a general plebiscite on reunification. The People's Congress was organised at the beginning of December, while the Foreign Ministers were meeting in London. There was a rather large participation by delegates from the Western Zones; the Congress has not been disbanded and from a temporary conference is taking on the colour of a permanent government, Russian style.

During the last years of the Weimar Republic, and even more under the Hitler régime, the plebiscite became a favourite device for organising the masses. The German Communists are now demanding a plebiscite on the issue of breaking up the large estates; when several important Communist successes in Europe have set the stage, there will be a demand for a plebiscite on German reunification. This will combine an appeal for a democratic method with the deepest feelings of all Germans who, no matter what their politics, do not want to see their country split.

At the second congress of the Socialist Unity Party in Berlin last September, the future integration of Germany into a Stalinist Federation of Europe was symbolised by the list of fraternal delegates representing the Communist parties of Russia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Western Germany. Across the stage was an enormous red band, whose gigantic letters thundered out: 'Marxism is almighty because it is the truth.'

But the surprise of my recent trip was not this monster Moscow circus, which was to be expected, but the formidable counter-current to be felt throughout the Western Zones. The befuddlement that Stalinism induces everywhere is in Western Germany too, but there is also the post-Stalinist man in gestation. These people have lived through Hitlerism; in the words of a German proverb:

Sie kennen die Weise
Sie kennen den Text
Sie kennen auch den Verfasser

(They know the fiddler, they know the melody, and they know the composer too.) In all strata of the German population there are elements that realise that the only alternative to the present division of Germany, the result of the war, is complete subservience to the East. They realise that Germany's national catastrophe is not merely the result of current Russian-American antagonism; they know that Russia used to the maximum the hatred the Nazis had engendered to push her control deep into Central Europe.

The only possible answer from the West is to reintegrate and build up Western and Southern Germany with the greatest speed.[1] By this is meant not merely economic reconstruction, important as that is, but the rebirth of Germany as a state, with a representative government in which all political currents should be given their due weight, a Reichstag meeting in a new capital, and a separate peace treaty with the Western Allies. Such measures, which could change the defensive before the Communist onslaught into an offensive, would in the end best serve German unity, for it would soon attract large elements in the Soviet Zone towards the new centre in the West.

[1] *In an article in the February issue of* World Review *Sebastian Haffner, editor of* Die Zeitung *during the war, came out against the establishment of Frankfurt as the capital of a Western German state. Ruth Fischer differs. In a case where acknowledged experts disagree,* World Review *acts as an open forum.*

Istanbul, still the intellectual centre of Turkey and one of the gateways to the Middle East

Turkey at the Cross-roads

Domestically Turkey is developing along the lines of a Western democracy, with an Opposition Party and freedom of expression. Will Russian expansionism and her strategic position allow her to continue along these lines?

DEREK PATMORE

A NEW spirit is abroad in the Turkish Republic. For the first time since the founding of the Republic in 1923, there is a real and active opposition party in the National Assembly at Ankara, which is one of the best guarantees that the Turkish people are learning the real meaning of democratic government. In Istanbul, always the intellectual capital of the country, a branch of the International Liberals has been formed and is attracting many members. At a moment in the world's history when Communism is trying to stamp out individual freedom and the idea of democracy as practised in the West, the gradual emergence of Turkey as a democratic power is an event of considerable importance. But hanging over this political progress is the shadow of the neighbouring Soviet Union.

Today, no responsible Turkish leader in Ankara has any delusions about the Soviet Union. The recent Communist *coup* in Czechoslovakia has again warned the Turks of the dangers that menace them, but there is no panic in the Turkish capital. However, at the recent reception at the Soviet Embassy to celebrate Red Army Day, many members of the Turkish Government were conspicuous by their absence and none of the real leaders of Turkey attended the celebration. At the same time, the Turkish Army, which contains between 500,000 and 600,000 men—a large one for a country of this size—is still mobilised, and President Truman's grant of one hundred million dollars' aid has been entirely devoted to the buying of military equipment, supplies, and the making of strategic roads. But, before analysing Turkey's relations with the Soviet Union, I think that it might be profitable to discuss the recent political developments inside the country.

After spending some years in Turkey, I am still struck by the ignorance of the British about conditions in modern Turkey. There is still a widespread idea

that this country is backward and tradition-bound. Actually, the Turkish Republic is easily the most progressive state in the whole of the Middle East, and it must not be forgotten that this republic was created out of the most violent social revolution that this century has witnessed—apart from that in the Soviet Union. Moreover, the dynamic qualities of the Kemalist Revolution still persist in Turkey, and this is one of the reasons why the Soviet Russians have found the Turks so formidable an obstacle to their expansionist plans in the Middle East. Moscow realises only too well that a free and independent Turkey bars possible Soviet Russian expansion in this part of the world. Also, the Soviet Russian leaders do not like the idea that the sturdy Turkish people may yet emerge as a strong democratic Power built on Western lines.

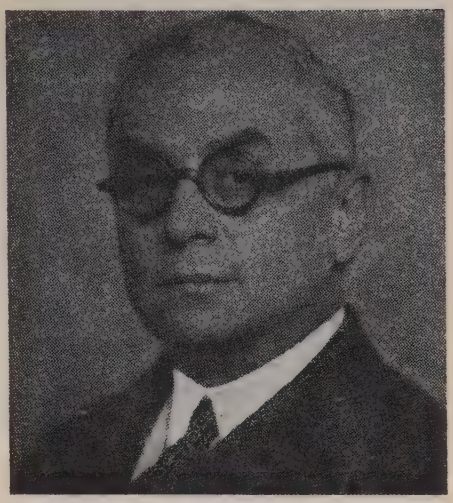
The Doctrines of Kemal Atatürk

It was always the dream of Kemal Atatürk, the founder of the present Turkish Republic, that his country should eventually belong to, and be governed by, the people, and by allowing the newly created Democratic Party, which was openly in opposition to the Government Party—the People's Party—to contest the last general elections, President Ismet Ineunü brought this dream nearer to fulfilment. Fighting these elections, the Democratic Party won some sixty-five seats. This may not sound much by Western standards, but it was remarkable in a country that had been ruled for years by a veiled dictatorship. In the present National Assembly, the Opposition and allied independent members hold seventy seats and the Government three hundred and thirty. But, unlike conditions in Communist-controlled countries, this opposition, led by a former Prime Minister, Celal Bayar, is allowed complete freedom and the papers owned by the Democratic Party attack the government and its measures as openly and as bitterly as any newspaper in this country. I am stressing these points, as the fact that they exist may yet exert considerable influence on Turkey's Middle Eastern neighbours. For the countries in this area have always had a way of following the lead given by Turkey—still the greatest military power in the Middle East and the most modernised.

The news that a branch of the International Liberals, whose headquarters are in London, has been formed in Istanbul is also significant. Although not active in party politics yet, this movement is attracting Turkish intellectuals and the Turkish youth; and the spreading of liberal ideas will undoubtedly do much to counteract the neighbouring Communism. The well-known Turkish editor and journalist, Ahmet Emin Yalman, is on the Executive of the International Liberals, and the branch in Istanbul is run by Professor Ali Fuad, who is Chairman and a leading member of the Istanbul University. Others on the committee are Miss Sureyya Agaoglou, the well-known Turkish woman lawyer, and Osman Okyar, the son of a former Turkish Ambassador to London. Started last October, this group of International Liberals has already held many meetings and lectures, and the committee have been agreeably surprised by the interest the whole movement has aroused amongst the population in general.

During recent years, the Communists have often obtained power by first collaborating with the opposition or socialist parties in various countries. The new Democratic Party, although it advocates a socialist programme, has so far resisted any approaches from the Soviet Union or from the few Communist supporters inside Turkey. Indeed, when Turko-Soviet Russian relations became tense over the renewal of the treaty of friendship between the two nations in 1945, Celal Bayar, the leader of the Democratic Party, immediately pledged his support of the Government then in power. Bayar himself was a colleague of Kemal Atatürk and is known as one of the best financial experts in the country. As a man who has worked towards the creation of the Turkish Republic, he has little sympathy

for any other revolutionary movement, and therefore he is not seduced by the arguments of Communism. Even President Ismet Ineunü was a revolutionary once—when he abandoned his post as Chief-of-Staff of the Imperial Turkish Army and went to join Kemal Atatürk in his Anatolian revolt; therefore he, too, disapproves of Communism. The leaders of modern Turkey, having taken part in the Kemalist Revolution, are just as fanatical believers in the doctrines of Kemal Atatürk as the Soviet Russians are in those of Lenin and Stalin, and for this reason they are ready to fight and die for the revolutionary republic which they helped to create. In tackling Turkey, Moscow is faced with a country which has already accomplished one of the most successful revolutions of this century.



CELAL BAYAR, *leader of the opposition Democratic Party, which now has 65 seats in the Turkish Parliament*

Party Rivalries

But although Turkey presents a more united front to the Communist menace than most countries, it would be unwise to believe that there were not party rivalries inside the country. At the present time, the Democratic Party are bitterly critical of the People's Party now in power. President Ismet Ineunü, as head of the People's Party, views the growth of the Democratic Party with a certain anxiety. However, it is most unlikely that the Democratic Party will be in a position to really challenge the People's Party for many years to come. But, as the youth of the country becomes more educated and politically minded, there is no doubt that the influence of the Democratic Party will spread. Even at the last general elections the unexpected support of the Democratic Party by Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, the former head of the army and a national hero, brought many votes to this new party. Today, Chakmak has withdrawn his support of the Democratic Party and his political leanings are unknown. But he remains a potential power in the Turkish political arena.

Inside the Democratic Party, there are two interesting figures apart from Celal Bayar: Fuad Kuprülü, a descendant of the family that provided several great Grand Viziers during the eighteenth century, and Adnan Menderes, the deputy for Aidin in the Izmir district. It is an interesting fact that the Democratic Party have drawn most of their supporters from the Asia Minor coast districts, especially round Izmir. Menderes, who is in his forties, is considered one of the brains behind the Democratic Party. He is a fine orator, and should go far in Turkish politics. There are few Communists in Turkey, despite all the money spent by Soviet Russian propaganda, because the Turks, like the Soviet Russians, are quite ruthless in stamping out any movement that threatens the Kemalist Republic and its ideals. But Turkey needs peace in order to complete her social revolution, and therefore would welcome a renewal of friendly relations with the Soviet Union.

Present world conditions present a dilemma to Turkey. Turkish foreign policy of the past has always aimed at maintaining friendly relations with all Turkey's neighbours, including the Soviet Union. Kemal Atatürk's first foreign treaty was the Pact of Friendship which he signed with the Soviet Union, and even in 1939, when Turkey signed an Alliance with Great Britain and France, the Turkish

Symbolic of modern Turkey is MLLE. REBIA, *judge at an Ankara Police Court*

Government later signed a treaty of Non-Aggression with the Soviet Union in the October of that year, whereby Turkey agreed not to enter into any aggressive agreement against the Soviet Union. But whilst Turkish diplomacy has ever sought a *modus vivendi* with Moscow, the Turks have long been aware of the expansionist plans of the Soviet Union. Ankara has known for a long time that the Soviet Union want control of the Dardanelles and, even during the war, the Turks knew that Hitler had promised the Soviet Russians the control of these waters, should the Nazi war aims triumph.

Ever since 1945 there has been a deadlock in Turkish-Soviet Russian relations, because Moscow demands bases on the Dardanelles and the cession of the Turkish provinces of Kars and Ardihan as the price for the renewal of the Treaty of Friendship once signed by Atatürk and Lenin. During the last years, faced with the growing animosity of Moscow and harassed by continual pressure from the Soviet Union and its satellites, Turkey turned more and more towards the West for support. At first, the Anglo-Turkish Alliance, by which both countries are pledged to come to each other's support in the case of aggression, gave her a certain measure of security. But the post-war difficulties of Great Britain soon made American aid imperative, and last year Turkey accepted President Truman's offer of aid—thereby openly aligning herself with the Western Powers against the growing threat of Communism.

The American aid to Turkey has been considerable and, once the Marshall Plan comes into being, it is expected to be even larger than before. Indeed, informed circles in Ankara think that the United States, now faced with the Communist subjugation of Czechoslovakia, will redouble its efforts to make Turkey strong. A military alliance between Turkey and the United States even becomes a possibility.

American Aid

So far, American aid to Turkey has been armaments and the materials needed to create a proper road system in the country. Roads have been the top-priority on the American aid programme, and already great progress has been made. Last year, the Americans established camps at Iskenderun (Alexandretta) to train personnel for road-building. Special materials, including bulldozers, were imported from the United States, and now work has begun on a great road linking the port of Iskenderun with Erzerum, the key town on Turkey's eastern frontier with the Soviet Union, and another road is being built that will link Iskenderun with the great port of Istanbul. The Americans have also been active in supplying experts to help the Turks to modernise and keep in running order a number of airfields situated in various strategic parts of the country. Many of these airfields were originally built for the Turks during the war by the British.

Foreign opinion about the striking power and merits of the Turkish Army has often been contradictory. But American and British officers who have worked training the Turkish soldiers are agreed that they are fine soldiers and by no means a negligible force. It is true that the strength of the Turkish Army lies in its infantry

but, if it were supported by air power and the new armaments belonging to the Western Powers, it may yet prove a stabilising influence in the Middle East.

Today, the Turks, whilst ardently desiring peace, are wondering how long the Western Powers will allow the Soviet Union to pursue its present policy of expansion and its extension of Communist-controlled countries. It is generally felt in Ankara that Moscow is more interested in gaining control of Europe than the Middle East at the moment. But the Turks know that their turn will come. If it does, Turkey has made it quite clear that she will fight to keep her territorial independence. As many Turks have told me: 'We would fight even if the United States and Britain could not help us!' However, the Soviet Russians are also well aware of the toughness of Turkish resistance and, as even Moscow does not wish to provoke a war at this moment, it is safe to prophesy that the Soviet Russians will attempt to undermine Turkey by more subtle means. Encirclement will probably be the first step. If the Soviet Union could gain control of Persia, Irak and Syria, Turkey would be cut off from most of the Middle East. As it is, Turkey is already menaced in the Balkans by two of Moscow's satellites, Bulgaria and Roumania, whose press make daily attacks on their neighbour. Soviet-controlled airfields in Bulgaria could also constitute a real threat to Istanbul, and once again the Turks are thankful that Atatürk had the foresight to transfer the capital into the interior of Anatolia at Ankara.

Although there is little love lost between the Turks and the Soviet Russians, at the moment, the possibility of a *rapprochement* is not to be excluded. The future of Turko-Russian relations depends a great deal on the final aims of the Kremlin. If the Soviet Union is merely safeguarding its frontiers and is not aiming at world domination, there is no reason why a new pact of friendship and non-aggression should not be signed between the two Powers. The Soviet Russians, who have a certain respect for the Turks, know that Turkey will never attack the Soviet Union, and even in the event of a final clash between the United States and the Soviet Union, Turkey would undoubtedly attempt to remain neutral as she did in the recent World War. However, future events may force the Turks to choose between these two world Powers.

Meanwhile this country, which holds one of the keys to the Middle East by its geographic position, is probably at the cross-roads of its destiny. Recent events in Eastern Europe have shown the Soviet Union has little patience with a nation that seeks to remain a bridge between the East and the West. At the same time, Turkey is not a suitable country for the usual methods of Communist infiltration. Turkey, like the Soviet Union, is already state-controlled and state-directed. President Ismet Ineunü's régime is still strong, and even the opposition Democratic Party is staunchly patriotic. Moscow may feel that such a great power as the Soviet Union must be allowed bases to control the Dardanelles and the outlet into the Eastern Mediterranean, but it seems that such bases can only be obtained at the point of the sword.

More dangerous for Turkey is the possibility of Soviet infiltration into neighbouring Persia; an increase of Soviet influence in neighbouring countries like Syria and Irak, and the collapse of the present democratic Greece would be exceedingly serious for the Turks. But, despite the troubled future, the Turks face their destiny with an Asiatic calm. They have great faith in their fighting abilities, and one of their best younger generals, Salih Pasha, is now Chief-of-Staff, and he is the idol of his men. American aid is being constructive and helpful, and the Turks are gradually expanding their foreign trade. This nation has also a touching faith in the recuperative powers of the British Empire. Today, Turkey wants peace to complete her complete social and political experiments. But only Moscow and its leaders can supply the answer to: 'Will Turkey be allowed to live in peace?'

Co-operative Settlements in Palestine

Hatred, violence and bloodshed headline the current news from Palestine—but the co-operative settlements exemplify a bold experiment in community life which is neither 'state control' nor 'free enterprise'

DONALD F. THOMASON

ALL the agonies of maddened racial hatred dominate the scene in Palestine. Yet, obscured by the passionate fury of destruction, an experiment in living is being carried out which may be the germ of a greater revolution than the present destruction can inspire.

It has been acknowledged for years that man's mechanical ingenuity has outrun his social wisdom, and thinkers have exercised their minds upon the problem: 'How can men live and work together in harmony?' In this country opinion has been divided between the opposing attractions of state control and free enterprise. A third way, that of comprehensive co-operation, is being worked out in Palestine.

Of course economic co-operation to serve a particular need is no new thing: consumer co-operatives in England and marketing co-operatives in Denmark were started during the last century. Nor is Palestine the only place to example comprehensive co-operation: there have been many instances of religious and ideological communities, and there is also the Russian Kolkhoz. But the Kvutza (plural: Kvutzot) was the first type of community to practise, from economic necessity, a free and voluntary comprehensive co-operation.

The history of agricultural settlement in Palestine is part of the history of Zionism; although a few rural communities, mainly resulting from spasmodic efforts of charity, had been established prior to 1900. The first practical steps had been taken in 1901 by the establishment of the Jewish National Fund to purchase land in Palestine with money contributed by Jews throughout the world, and in 1908 by the establishment of the Palestine Office to organise colonisation. Two main difficulties influenced this colonisation and set the pattern of future development: extreme shortage of money, and lack of agricultural experience.

It was economic necessity which forced the decision to settle in groups. The first method was to place each group under the leadership of a paid agricultural expert, called an agronomist. However, clashes between the passionate, ignorant idealism of the settlers and the disinterested management of the agronomists soon disrupted the scheme, and in 1908 a group of ten settlers from Kinereth settlement broke away to found the first Kvutza, the one known as Dagania A. There are now over eighty Kvutzot with a total of more than twenty-five thousand members.

There is another development of rural co-operation in Palestine, known as Moshav-Ovdim, but this represents partial co-operation only and there is also the Moshavah, a conventional type of individualistic small-holder village.

Co-operation in the Kvutza extends to every aspect of its social and economic life: work, wealth and possessions are shared equally. Each member has equal status, and government is by majority vote: there are no leaders. Whoever joins must contract to cede all his possessions to the group, even the clothes he wears. In practice a member retains for his constant personal use such intimate items as

socks and boots, but the principle remains: those items are his for convenience not for possession. If a member leaves, as he is free to do at any time, he will be given sufficient items to start him off in the outside world again but it would be only coincidence if they were the same as he had brought in with him.

New Scale of Values

In such a farming community the only way in which a member can gain and retain the respect of his fellows is by the quality of his manual labour and by his personal integrity. To be known as a good worker is to be paid the highest possible compliment. But this glorification of manual labour arises in part from deeper motives than simple equality of wealth. For nearly two thousand years of their history the Jews have been denied access to the land. Restrictive laws in each of the various countries through which they have wandered canalised their energies into commerce and trade and certain of the professions. The sense of insecurity which this denial engendered in the Jews, together with the conviction that it was the main cause of Gentile hatred against them, developed into a deep feeling of shame. The great revolt of Eastern Jewish youth against their elders in the latter half of the nineteenth century had as its mainspring the fanatical determination to destroy this sense of shame.

These rebels against tradition were the pioneers of Jewish resettlement in Palestine and they formulated, as the centre of their faith, the doctrines that every member must work with his hands and no hired labour must be used. The alternate swamp land and desert, previously uninhabited, which formed the bulk of land given to the settlers, intensified their ideals.

Settlements do not own the land that they work. All land is purchased by the Jewish National Fund which acts as agents for the whole Jewish people. The land is leased to the settlers for the Biblical period of seven times seven years. Initial financial assistance, provision of water supply, agri-

Hard pioneering work goes to the foundation of a new Jewish settlement

cultural survey and advice, and help in swamp clearing, etc., are provided by the Foundation Fund, a department of the Jewish Agency. Money loaned has to be repaid, with interest at two per cent per annum, in forty-nine years.

The decision to launch a Kvutza is taken by the Department of Agricultural Settlement of the Jewish Agency, working in conjunction with Histadruth, or Association of Workers, which is the General Trade Union for all Palestine Jewish workers. A number of Kvutzot are grouped together and affiliated to a superior organisation of their own choosing, called a Kibbutz, and, in their turn, the various Kibbutzim are affiliated to the Histadruth. Experience has shown that sixty settler-groups (one man, one woman) are the ideal number to start a community and they are usually allotted a total of 350 acres of irrigated land or 1,500 acres of unirrigated land. Nowadays, groups are brought together to receive basic training some years before they are given land.

Within the Kvutza, control is exercised by a General Assembly of all members, each one possessing an equal vote. The Assembly, normally meeting once a week, decides the major policy, makes all laws

Before: *A desolate patch of desert waste surrounded by barbed wire is the site for a new settlement near Beersheba*

and appoints the various committees. Execution of the Assembly's decisions is achieved through a system of committees covering every aspect of community life, for example, Work Assignment, Budget, Education, Culture, etc. In addition, there are specially assigned individual tasks, such as Secretary and Treasurer. None of this administrative work carries any reward or privilege. Consequently, unless an individual has an especial interest in any particular aspect, the appointments are not coveted. Committees are elected for the sake of efficiency for a period of one year.

The most important committee is the Work Assignment Committee which, each evening, gives every individual his task for the following day. As far as possible, skilled personnel are retained at the work for which they are best fitted, whilst the unskilled act as a mobile reserve. However, it would be against the cardinal principle of equality if this state of affairs was allowed to remain unchanged. So certain menial jobs, such as laundry and kitchen fatigues, are performed in rotation by all members, skilled workers are moved periodically to other tasks, and unskilled workers are given every assistance and opportunity to become more skilled.

Way of Life

Aiming at economic self-sufficiency and security, the Kvutza, unlike the individual farmer in Palestine, undertakes mixed farming: growing cereals, citrus, vegetables and root crops and raising dairy herds. Methods and equipment are the most up to date, and statistical comparison with Arab production reveals the tremendous advances which have been made, and indicates a promise, which makes the present bloodshed seem even more pitiable.

Even the best-established and oldest Kvutzot do not enjoy a very high standard of prosperity, whilst some of the newer ones are only a little above subsistence level. This general poverty is reflected in their housing: tents or pitiful shacks for the poorest, prefabricated wooden huts for the richer, and, only occasionally, concreted houses. The furniture is of the simplest: at worst, the ubiquitous petrol cans shaped for various uses; at best, a few wooden pieces.

Clothing is unadorned and sober. The standard is that of workers in Eastern Europe with modifications for the warmer climate. The men usually wear shorts, open shirts and cloth caps or straw hats, the women blouses, shorts and kerchiefs. A clean

After: *A typical Jewish settlement founded at Giwath Chaim in 1932 on land that was previously sand dunes*

change of clothing is kept for the evening, and more conventional clothes held in the communal store for the occasional visitors to the city. But the food is good, plain and wholesome, vegetarian on balance, porridge and salad predominating.

The intellectual level of the Kvutzot is remarkably high: more than half the members have had secondary school education or higher. There are also a large number of exiled men of learning. Consequently, the organisation of creative leisure has been comparatively easy, and study groups, discussions, lectures and the dramatic arts are popular pastimes.

Perhaps the most revolutionary feature of these co-operative settlements is their interference with family life. Marriage is recognised when a man and a woman receive permission from the group to share a room. Marriage according to Rabbinical law is not sought unless a child is on the way. That these unions are no less permanent than more orthodox marriages is proved by the fact that the average annual 'divorce' rate is less than that of America. Children are brought up in the Children's House under the care of trained nurses. Both mother and father work during the day and only see the child once, at the hour of reunion which takes place each evening. In spite of the infrequency of the visits, the children have no difficulty in recognising their parents and hold them in greater affection than they hold their nurse.

The children are not subjected to conventional discipline by grown-ups but learn self-discipline through practising co-operation from their earliest years. They have their own General Assembly and committees, and, from the age of eight, are treated as the equals of adult members. Methods of education incorporate the most advanced theories of the outside world. Emphasis is placed upon manual labour, and from the age of six, a progressively larger part of each day is devoted to its exercise.

Whatever the disadvantages of this upbringing, it does tend to eliminate the evils of economic and personal insecurity and ensures that the child's environment is related more closely to that of his later life than is usual in normal family life.

The experiment of co-operative living is too young and too unexplored for us to draw any lasting conclusions from it. But with more experience, and as a result of closer investigation, it may be found to offer the most satisfying solution for German and European rehabilitation.

Empty barrels make most noise VERDENS GANG (Norway)

Precarious support
MONTREAL STAR

'What are you looking for, Diogenes?'
'A Greek democrat who is not in prison or in the mountains'
VESNIK (Zagreb, Yugoslavia)

WORLD SAID!

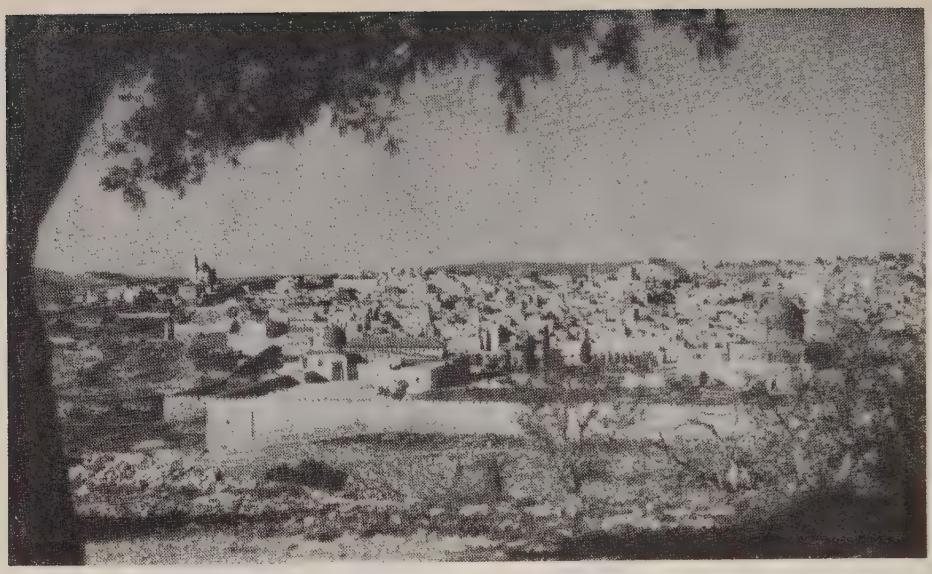
INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING
(In England it has been decided to pay special attention to dollar-tourists)
'Just a moment—the gentleman with the smooth currency please keep in the background' POLITIKEN (Denmark)

The Marshall card castle
PRAVDA

TREK (South Africa)

Looks like a double transfusion
MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

A Soviet view of 'The American Way'
KROKODIL (Moscow-Sovfoto)



Jerusalem—spiritual capital of three religious faiths—now the scene of racial hatred, violence and gangsterism

BACKGROUND TO ZIONISM

Zionism is the force that has led to the present tragedy in Palestine. Here is an objective account of its growth and an analysis of the basic forces behind it

GEORGE EDINGER

THAT Jerusalem stood in the very centre of the world was accepted by all the peoples of the West, map-makers included, for nearly fifteen hundred years. No city, not even Rome, holds the same place in the imagination of man. The spiritual capital of three faiths, the political capital of nowhere, the site of Solomon's Temple, the birthplace of Christ, the starting point of Mohammed's legendary journey to Paradise, it figures in all the writings, sacred and profane, that have weighed most in shaping the destiny of man.

Round Jerusalem revolve a range of writings, from the two Testaments to the nursery rhyme which tells the tale of the house that Jack built. For Jack is J.A.H., initials of the Jewish God, Jehovah, and the house he built is none other than the land of Zion. The rhyme is itself a prophecy in which all the empires that have devoured Jerusalem, and each other, figure as everyday animals and things. The malt that lay in the house is Babylon, the rat that ate the malt is Persia. The cat that chased the rat symbolises the short empire of Alexander the Great, and the dog stands for Rome. The cow with the crumpled horn symbolises the Saracens, the maiden all forlorn stands for the brief glory of Crusader rule, and the man all tattered and torn is the Turk.

On that, research and scholarship agree. It is agreed also that, as the cock that crowed in the morn marks the end of the rhyme, so, too, the power that it symbolises will be the final Lord of Palestine. The only doubtful thing is—who precisely is the cock?

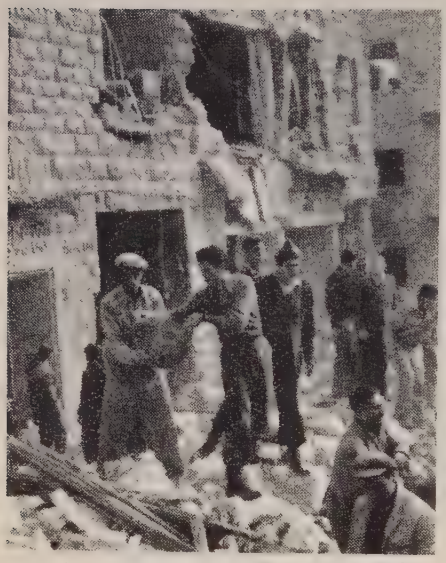
It is not easy to say exactly what power did succeed the Turks as Lord of Palestine. Britain was certainly on the spot, but as a trustee for somebody: perhaps for the League of Nations which represented the whole world to which Palestine spiritually belongs; possibly for the Arabs to whom it was quite clearly promised by Sir Henry McMahon on behalf of the British Government, when he wrote to King Hussein of the Hedjaz (since supplanted by Ibn Saud) in the summer of 1915. For the Arabs also have their prophecies, and is it not written that the land was promised to Abraham and his seed for ever? Now, the eldest son of Abraham, Ishmael, was the ancestor of the Arab peoples. Clearly then, the cock that crowed in the morn is the Arab world. But the house that Jack built is not an Arab fable. It is a Jewish allegory. And to the organised Jews the cock is the Zionist movement, as surely as the seed of Abraham must be traced, not from his elder son Ishmael, but from the younger son Isaac, the common ancestor of the Jews.

All this seems somewhat remote from reason. But it is not on the basis of reason that Palestine is being, or ever has been, discussed. That is the essential to bear in mind when one considers the conflicting claims on Palestine, and the spirit of the Zionist movement. There is no reason in Zionism. There is little reason in most Zionists. The spokesmen of a minority that has been persecuted for 2,000 years are not inclined to be reasonable. Ethnically and historically, it is hard to see where the Zionist claim to Palestine lies. Economically, a Jewish Palestine, let alone a Jewish half of Palestine, could never absorb more than a fraction of the world's Jews. Far from ending race antagonisms as Zionists profess, it could only acerbate them, as it has already done, by branding the Jews as strangers in all the lands where they have painfully won the rights of full citizenship.

Historically, the Jewish claim to Palestine is neither stronger nor weaker than that of any of those conquerors enumerated in the 'House that Jack built'. For the Jews also were in Palestine as conquerors, and their conquest, according to the Old Testament, was achieved by distinctly Nazi methods. Nor were they longer in the land than, for instance, the Romans. Compared with the nine centuries of Arab rule, the period of Jewish domination, which covered four centuries between the final capture of Jerusalem by King David in 1048 B.C., and the storming of Jerusalem by the Babylonians in 605 B.C., is not impressive. Nor, in fact, is it by any means certain that there is such a thing as a Jewish race at all, or that any appreciable proportion of those who practise the Jewish faith ever came from Palestine. In the twilight of the Roman Empire, Judaism, like the other faiths which held in the days of dissolution and despair, won many converts in diverse places. There are communities that practise it in China. There are tribes that have embraced it in Ethiopia. The largest single block won for Judaism were the Khazars, a Black Sea tribe converted in the eighth century, from whom most Jews in the world of 1948 most probably spring.

The Stark Facts

Against this it is sometimes stressed that deep down in every Jew is the urge to return to Zion. Were this so, the writer of this article would have to consider himself a biological freak. But, in fact, all the evidence is the other way. Jewry, in its many persecutions (and God knows Jewry has been persecuted) has never turned to Palestine. The refugees from fifteenth-century Spain went to Poland and to the western part of the Turkish Empire, where their descendants, still speaking the Spanish of fifteenth-century Castille, can be found stretching northwards from Salonika. From the pogroms of nineteenth-century Russia the victims flocked west, to London and New York, where even the most ardently Zionist have every intent to stay. Voluntary emigration into Palestine has been limited to a few thousand idealists. And the mass immigration of Jews which followed the persecutions started by Hitler was directed



Not war damage—but the Atlantic Hotel, Jerusalem, after the recent bomb outrage in Ben Yehudi Street

into Palestine simply because no sovereign power was willing, in those days of economic stress, to admit a flood of immigrants, however loud its profession of sympathy. And the Palestine Arabs were weak enough to be coerced. Immigration figures show that virtually no Jews at all have gone to the Holy Land from countries where their race was not oppressed. Germany is the supreme example. Between 1918 and the rise of Hitler the number of German immigrants into Palestine was around 1,000, roughly one in four hundred of the German-Jewish population. Between Hitler's rise to power and 1938, it had soared to 40,000, precisely ten per cent. Well might the Palestinians ask these new arrivals: 'Have you come to Palestine or have you come from Hitler?' Today the Jewish Relief Organisation in the German zone is baffled by the fact that the tiny remnant of German-born Jews who have survived the persecution ask only to be left in Germany and to be left in peace.

Anglo-Jewry probably provides the finest example of a community which has solved the problem of reconciling an extraneous faith with a national loyalty. So nobody would expect to find many British-born Jews in Palestine, and nobody would be surprised. Out of 400,000 Jews in Palestine at the outbreak of war, 1,200 only were British born. Zionism has not made much progress in this country. Outside the exile population which found sanctuary in Britain from Hitler's Europe, it hardly exists. To be accepted as a member of the Zionist body that sponsors the Jewish State, to vote for the Zionist World Congress, which is the nearest thing to a Jewish Parliament, it is only necessary to pay a token shekel and Britain's 400,000 Jews have only produced 68,000 shekel-payers. (A shekel is one shilling or upwards.)

American Inconsistency

The Jewish community in the U.S.A. presents a unique aspect of the Zionist picture. It numbers five million people and contributes a million and a half shekel-payers. As a body it is said to decide the vote of the key State of New York, where two of the five millions live. It has used its position to the utmost to further the Zionist cause. But its contribution to the Jewish population of Palestine has been pathetic. Between the end of the First World War and the rise of Hitler, the total number of American-born immigrants to Palestine was 2,109. From the rise of Hitler till the start of the Second World War it was 6,000, or slightly over one per thousand.

Approached dispassionately, which it never is, Zionism seems a completely inexplicable phenomenon. It is the most artificial and the most pathetic of all the latter-day nationalisms. Yet Zionism has survived—and is even near to success. Inquirers must look more deeply. They must look to the deepest instinct in man, the urge to group survival.

Group communities in the modern world can be based on race (like the gipsies) or soil (like the Brazilians) or a combination of both (like the Spaniards), or clan (like the Chinese). They can also rest in what have been called the 'Magian' civilisations on a mystique, a body of ideas,

a common set of values. Both the Jewish and the Arab civilisations are Magian. But while the 'Arabs' are united in a contiguous Moslem bloc, the Jewish communities find themselves scattered all over the world. Racial fanatics have charged the 'Elders of Zion' with occult plots to overthrow civilisation. In fact, it has been a full-time occupation for the Elders of Zion to preserve their group at all.

To have contrived the group survival of Jewry over three thousand years, if we take the Babylonian captivity rather than the sack of Jerusalem by Titus as a starting point, has been a marvellous achievement. T. E. Lawrence calls it the eternal miracle of Jewry. Yet the perpetuation of it has not, in spite of every appearance, found its chief obstacle in intolerance and persecution. Those things have driven Jewry in upon itself, tightened the bonds and helped its survival. Persecution today is less than ever the main danger. The peril as the Zionists see it is *assimilation*. Assimilation might end the Jewish problem—but it might also end the Jewish people.

It is not relevant or profitable to dwell on the persecution of the Jews. It is not a creditable chapter in the story of Christian civilisation, particularly since it has been confined to allegedly Christian countries. According to the report of the Anglo-American Commission on Palestine, more than five out of nine million Jews in Europe were done to death by the Nazis during the war. The sorry story goes back through the pogroms of Czarist Russia (and Red Russia), to the Spanish Inquisition, the fanatical outbreaks of mediæval Europe, into the days of the Roman Empire. Yet the concept of Zionism as a political instead of a spiritual aim only started when the ghettos were swept away and Jews began to be accepted as equals by their non-Jewish neighbours. The real battle today is not between Arabs and Jews or between Jews and anti-Semites. It is the struggle inside Jewry itself between the political Zionists and the assimilationist majority that will determine the outcome of the Jewish problem, and it is one of history's most bitter ironies that the cleft is now so wide that the chief contributors to the Arab war chest in Palestine are the Jewish community in Baghdad.

The Liberal Experiment

For ever since the prophet Daniel was a councillor of the Kings of Babylon, anti-Semitism has had its obverse side. Although there were, theoretically, no Jews in England between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries, Queen Elizabeth employed a Jew as her Court Physician. The year the Jews were expelled from Spain, Columbus discovered America with the help of Jewish map-makers, pilots and sailors. In fact, there is respectable authority for saying that Columbus was a Jew himself. In the Netherlands, always refreshingly free from anti-Semitism, Jews have had equal rights with other communities since the seventeenth century. But it was in the eighteenth century, the age of reason, that the conception of the ghetto began to fade so that it only needed the storm of the French Revolution to destroy its walls. Jews responded eagerly to the new spirit, too eagerly for many of their own race. In the nationalist and liberal risings that swept Europe just one hundred years ago, the most nationalist and the most liberal of all were the Jews. It was a Jew, Daniel Manin, who commanded the defence of the Venetian Republic against the Emperor of Austria, while Garibaldi directed the defence of the Roman Republic against the Emperor of France. It was in a Jew, Disraeli, that British Conservatism discovered the most eloquent champion of the Imperial Tradition, and it was in a Jew, Judah Benjamin, that the Confederate States of North America discovered their only statesman in the American Civil War.

But the very swiftness and completeness of the success presented a challenge to group survival. For it was becoming clear that the Jews who contributed most to the life of their age were the ones who were most inclined to shed their faith. Outside Britain, which is always exceptional,

assimilation has often meant submersion.

The first generation would go on attending the synagogue, possibly the second. But the third would turn Christian or agnostic, inter-marry, and be lost to Jewry.

So, as a counter force, Zionism turned political. The first step was taken towards a National Home when Edmond de Rothschild financed the earliest Jewish colonies in Palestine in 1845. M. de Rothschild was asked what he would do should the National Home evolve into a Jewish State. 'I . . . become ambassador in Paris, of course,' he would answer. Yet he was perfectly sincere. Among the assimilated Jews of Western Europe the National Home seemed an admirable solution for the persecuted Jews of Eastern Europe. In 1896 the first Zionist Congress met at Basle, and the movement to build a Jewish colony in Palestine, within the framework of the Turkish Empire, was under way. For the national slogans of the nineteenth century to create a new nationalism among the Jews seemed both natural and desirable.

Unfortunately, the new nationalism also infected the Arabs. If the Jews were to rebuild the realm of Solomon, then the Arabs were entitled to re-create the vanished Empire of the Caliphs. So, when the 1914–18 war began, there were two disruptive forces in the Turkish Empire for its enemies to exploit. That they were rival and irreconcilable forces never occurred to the ingenious contrivers at the Foreign Office. The Arabs found their natural supporters in the Entente. They wanted to be free of Turkey, and the Entente was out to destroy Turkey. But the allies of the Zionists were the Central Powers. Zionist Headquarters were in Berlin. Jewry's persecutor was the Czar of all the Russias. When the Austro-German armies marched into Poland, they were acclaimed as liberators by the Jews. Ludendorff issued a proclamation to his 'dear Jews' promising them the protection of the German Empire, and the Wilhelmstrasse started to sound its unenthusiastic Turkish allies about a Jewish National Home. This impressed, as it was meant to do, the Jewish voters in New York. Justifiably anti-Russian, they regarded American intervention on the side of the Entente with dismay. So did the traditionally anti-British Irish voters—to say nothing of the Germans in the Middle West.

Here, then, was the chance of the English Zionists, with Mr. Weizmann at their head, to reconcile their loyalty to Zionism with their feelings as British patriots. If Britain could be swayed to promise Jewry its National Home, the Jewish vote in the U.S.A. might be detached from the isolationist bloc. The idea found friends in high quarters. Mr. Asquith was unmoved, but Mr. Lloyd George took it up with evangelical fervour. Having conceded the principle of Pan-Arab Union, the Foreign Office suddenly realised that there was no guarantee that this new power, established athwart the lifeline of the British Empire, would always be pro-British. In Zionism there was a useful counter-force. And so the Balfour Declaration was conceived. In an effort to conciliate at the same time the Zionists, the Arabs and the Assimilationist Jews, the unhappy pronouncement 'viewed with favour the establishment *in* Palestine (not *of* Palestine) of a National Home for the Jewish people, *it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish Communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country*.' The document does not make sense. Yet British Governments have been trying to make sense out of it ever since. Hence the tragedy of Palestine.

The only way out is through reason and compromise. If the non-Zionist Jews would face the truth—that a man cannot have two loyalties and that a National Home in Palestine *must* prejudice the political status enjoyed by Jews in every other country; if the Arabs would look back to the noble part that Jewry played in the greatest days of Arab civilisation, then these two mighty Magian forces could yet render to mankind the greatest of the many great benefits that they have bestowed upon the world.

4

Sex and Personality[1]

What is 'Personality' and to what degree does it interact with 'sexuality'? This is the first of a series of three articles by a medical psychologist, based on many years of practical experience

OSWALD SCHWARZ

(1) *NATURE OF HUMAN SEXUALITY*

GLORIFIED as man's greatest ecstasy—condemned as sinful—symbol of human freedom—encased in regulations and restrictions—endlessly varied theme of poet—highest prize of reckless strife and final victory—stealthily snatched in darkened streets—source of life, cause of mental torment, bodily decay and violent death: thus, hailed and cursed, sex stands as an unique phenomenon in human life.

How is it that such a natural function should be so multifaceted, should vary so much in man's opinion and valuation? The answer is very simple: because there is no merely 'natural' function in human existence, and sex, being a manifestation of the whole personality, is bound to be the most complex, the most un-'natural' function of all.

The complexity begins in the biological sphere. The sexual glands, testicles and ovaries secrete hormones into the bloodstream, and these produce a peculiar tension called sex impulse. This *instinct*, like hunger or thirst, demands satisfaction, which is achieved by the copulation of the male with the female. The process is accompanied by a pleasurable sensation, the strongest any living creature can feel, but we can only speculate whether animals copulate in order to seek this pleasure or only for relief of the sexual tension. However this may be, the sexual act relieves the sexual tension or desire, and the *status quo*, that is, sexual indifference, is reached. This cycle represents the sex life of animals. There is another instinct associated with sex, usually called the instinct for propagation. The term 'propagation' is not quite correct, and should be replaced by 'gestation', because there is no indication that any female is particularly anxious to guarantee the continuation of its species, whereas there is a very strong instinctive urge to have young. Not only special organs, but the whole female organism, is built for this purpose, and it is a well-proved biological law that every organ of the body wants to function, to do its job, and if it is prevented from doing it, trouble arises. Again, it is not known to what extent this instinct plays an active part in the interaction of sexual desires among animals, that is to say, how far it incites the female desire for the male. But it is well known that a normal grown-up woman wants a child, and needs it for the real fulfilment and completion of her womanhood, so much so that many a woman, when prevented from having a child in an orderly manner, as it were, will go out of her way to attain this aim, and is willing to pay any price—of which social ostracism is still the cheapest.

This exception apart, *no normal and fully grown-up human individual acts sexually on*

[1] Readers may regard some statements as too dogmatic, arguable or even wrong. They are probably right, but my desire to cram as many problems and viewpoints as possible into the available space must be accepted as an explanation. I am dealing with the same subject in greater detail in a book shortly to be published by Penguin Books under the title of *Psychology of Sex*, in which, I hope, some of these shortcomings will be rectified.

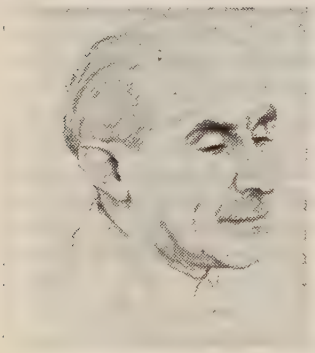
instinct alone, whether for the sake of pleasure or for relief of tension, and if he does (as happens often enough), he is either not grown-up, or his emotional balance is upset. *This is the basic law of human sexuality.*

Sexuality Cannot Lie

Our sexual instinct is inseparably interwoven with an emotional element called *love*. The difference between these two phenomena cannot be overstressed. The instinctive sexual impulse satisfies a need of the individual, and is therefore restricted to the individual who feels it, whereas love carries us away from ourselves, over to another being. Furthermore, the urge of the instinct disappears with its satisfaction, whereas the longing of love, knowing no satisfaction, creates a lasting bond with its object. Love is an activity which is an end in itself and does not strive after, nor come to rest through, 'possessing' the other partner. A purely physical act is almost inevitably followed by the indifference or tedium of satisfaction, whereas lovers awake from their ecstasy refreshed, newborn. The sexual impulse is blind: the male unites with the female, that is to say, any woman would do for any man, and any man for any woman. But love makes men see; it opens our eyes to the intrinsic values of the beloved, and in the sexual act we probe deeply into the essence of another soul. *In a perfect, fully-matured human being only the inseparable fusion of sexual impulse and love exists.*

To obey this fundamental law of human sexuality constitutes what I call the perennial and universal 'essential sexual morality', as distinct from conventional morality which consists of regulations and restrictions imposed on men and women by the moral views held in a given society, and therefore differing with different peoples and different historical periods. A real, perfect fully-integrated man obeys this essential law automatically because he cannot do otherwise, and not by any conscious or conscientious effort of self-restraint. If, through force of circumstances, he allows himself to be tempted into a loveless sexual association, he will inevitably fail sexually. *For sexuality is the only function which cannot lie; in sexual matters we are forced to be truthful. This is the essential morality of sex issuing from the nature of sexuality itself.*

But this is not yet all. The unity of instinct and emotion which constitutes



Oswald Schwarz, after taking his medical degree at the University in Vienna, and completing his training in Munich and Berlin, practised in urological surgery. After World War I, he became a lecturer at his old University and at the post-graduate school of the American Medical Association in Vienna. After discovering how many of the physical symptoms of his surgical patients were of a psychological nature, he 'went back to school' and studied medical psychology with Alfred Adler and Paul Schilder, Freud's most eminent disciple. From then the treatment of sexual disorders became his predominant interest. His experience, embracing mind and body, and his interest in philosophy led him to publish books on psychology, medical anthropology and sex pathology. Political trends decided him to leave Austria in 1934. On his way to the United States he visited this country and immediately decided that he would make his second home in England. Since then he has been practising as a psychologist here. The substance of these articles is taken from his book, *The Psychology of Sex*, shortly to be published by Penguin Books, which contains the fruit of his experience in this country.

adult sexuality is not an independent entity, but is built into our everyday life, and therefore is influenced by non-sexual facts and emotions, such as religious and moral codes, social conventions, racial prejudices, etc. All these non-sexual influences can be subsumed under the title of *spiritual* influences, and their sum total constitutes the third element of adult sexuality. The kind and degree of their controlling effect depends on the depth to which any of these motives or principles affects a person. Social and economic constraints, for instance, can be, and often enough are, easily overrun by sexual emotions, whereas racial prejudices are sometimes much more resistent. If sexuality is thwarted by such external forces, we speak of a 'suppression' of the sexual urge. When subconscious complexes, mainly fear, frustrate sexual desire and activity, we speak of 'repression', which is a pathological phenomenon. But in far deeper strata than the conscious and subconscious parts of our minds, in the very core of our personality, works another part of this control: if a person realises or feels—all these terms have, unfortunately, a much too rationalistic connotation—that sexual desire, in general or in a particular case, is incompatible with his innermost religious beliefs or moral convinctions, the desire vanishes, or rather it never reaches the level of consciousness. This state constitutes genuine chastity. It is not chastity due to innocence or ignorance, like the purity of child or virgin, nor is it the prerogative of the saint. It is rather the simple and 'natural' attitude of the mature, integrated, genuinely moral human individual.

Professional Ethics

The best illustration of this principle I can think of—and which I have frequently used—is the behaviour of professional men (clergymen, doctors, lawyers) towards their charges: the ethics of their professions, deeply incorporated into their personality, prevent the rising of any sexual feelings towards the woman who consults them professionally, however tempting the situation may be—at least under normal circumstances. But these men may react in a very different way if they meet the same women in non-professional situations. Distinctly different is the situation if an employer makes advances to a woman employee, or an artist to his model; it may not be very prudent, but they are likely to endanger only a business relationship and not an—essentially—moral principle. It may, and does, happen, not only in these professional situations, that on some occasions the temptation is so strong that it disrupts the unity of spirit, soul and body, and a man yields to the temptation. Then the sexual urge breaks loose and runs amok.

Sexuality and Personality

It should be perfectly clear by now that human sexuality is not a purely 'natural' fact, not a mere happening, but a deed for which we must accept responsibility and, if we allow ourselves to be carried away and victimised by the blind sexual impulse, we incur guilt. This spiritual element distinguishes human sexuality from all other reactions to instinctive impulses. If a man steals food because he is hungry, he commits an offence against the law, however extenuating the circumstances. But he who blindly submits to the sexual instinct commits a sin. I deliberately borrow this religious term because it permits of a meaningful application far beyond its religious connotation: such improper sexual actions—improper in the sense in which this word is understood in this essay—constitute an offence against the Spirit, by disowning the specific human element, that is the supra-'natural' in man. This is the answer modern science gives to the anxious question which has disquieted the Christian world ever since the letter to the Corinthians: 'Why should sex be sinful?' On the other hand, we have it on the highest authority that sins must be forgiven if it can be said 'for she loved much.'

The complex of body, soul and spirit is what we call 'personality'. Or, to put it more precisely, personality is the shape which the natural or biological part of

ourselves, body and soul,[1] receives through the acceptance of spiritual, that is religious, moral and aesthetic values. Everything we do is a function or an emanation of our personality. This applies to sexuality as well, and we can say that *every man has the sexuality he deserves*, or, less pointedly, the kind and degree of sexuality which is congruous to his personality. The curious fact is that, contrary to commonly held opinion, the physical element of our personality is the least important determining factor: physically splendid men may be disappointing lovers, whereas a physcially poor specimen may hold many surprises for his lucky partner. If anywhere, it is in the sexual field that the principle of 'mind over matter' finds its full application.

Effect of Integration

This fact—that a man's sexuality is a function of his personality—permits of three practical applications: to clear up a misunderstanding, to give some assistance in education, and to make possible a successful treatment of any kind of sexual aberration.

This misunderstanding may be formulated in this way. More than one reader may be growing slightly impatient, arguing that the views so far presented in this article sound very well, there may even be some truth in them, but surely they are too patently contradicted by everything one sees happening in everyday life. When boys meet girls, they seem to care very little for soul and spirit, and every normal man seems to be able to have a satisfactory relation with any woman who attracts his sexual attention. The fallacy of this argument can be easily proved. As I shall show in the next article, the unity of body, soul and mind is the result of long development and the sign of maturation, which men seldom reach before the end of the third decade, women a bit earlier at about twenty-five. Prior to this state of integration, each of the three component parts of our personality still acts separately, and at this time a young man is in fact capable of a purely sexual association with almost any woman. But when we have outgrown this developmental stage of trial and error, this promiscuity ought to be impossible. Unfortunately, it is not for a large section of—nominally—grown up men. In actual fact, these men are not grown up. Either the integration of their personalities has not yet been achieved because they are slow developers, or it never will be, and they will remain all their lives just overgrown adolescents.

Sexual Education

I wish educators were more conscious of the complexity of human sexuality. This realisation would prevent them from trying to deal with sex in a 'perfectly natural manner' and to teach it 'like any school subject'. Neither course is possible, because sex is not a perfectly natural thing, nor can such an essential part of our life be taught like geography or French grammar. The other extreme would also be avoided—the mistake of befogging the subject by introducing a lofty and devitalised morality which is incomprehensible to adolescents anyway. Sex, source of life, and mainspring of our vitality, cannot be 'taught', for 'the intellect, thus acting alone, kills the truth. . . . To know a thing one must know it with the whole passionate nature' (A. de Selincourt), and schoolrooms are hardly the place from which passion originates. Nor need sex be taught in a special way, because it is an integral part of our personality, and if the general upbringing of a child guarantees a harmonious development of the whole, we need not worry about the well-being of a part.

The same misunderstood naturalism prompts some parents to make a most grotesque mistake in their arduous task of bringing up their children: the practice of nudism in the home. More people than one would think try to forestall or satisfy the sexual curiosity of their children by giving them much more than the children have asked for: they parade in the nude before the bewildered eyes of their sons and

[1] I use the word 'soul' in a general way. Often this term is reserved for what religion means by the 'immortal' element in Man. What science deals with is often called 'psyche' (hence psychology) or body-soul.

daughters and outdo the 'savages' by abolishing even the loincloth. The effect is deplorable. The children, inevitably and regrettably comparing the anatomy of the adults with their own, must find their bodies lamentably insignificant. All too often the result is a lasting disgust of the body of the other sex, and a sense of inferiority in respect of their own, both very difficult to eradicate. Another result of this practice, even worse, is the destruction of the sense of shame which is an essential element of our psychology of sex. The sense of shame protects the mystery of sex: not the artificial mystery which conventional taboos impose, but the essential mystery of sex which is, in fact, the mystery of our origin, of the Unknown from which we come. To destroy this is to do an irreparable injury to personality.

It is the essence of morality, and of the community life which is its result and guardian, that our actions are restricted by the conditions under which alone they are permitted. We may even kill if it is done in defence of our safety or honour or country, and the difference between real fighting and sport is that, in the latter case, aggression is softened by the rules of the game. None of our activities is more controlled by all kinds of regulations than the sexual one, and ever since the dawn of history the condition under which it was permitted by moral and religious sanctions has been marriage. As we shall see in the last article of this series, the desire for marriage, that is, a permanent union of the sexes, is deeply rooted in the nature of Man, but in the course of history this 'natural law' has become devitalised and rigidly institutionalised by the dogma of the indissolubility of marriage and the difficulties of obtaining a legal divorce. Here the 'problem of sex' arises from a revolt of the individual against what is felt to be undue coercion. That the physical urge should be directed by love and controlled by spiritual values, and should eventually result in a lasting union of man and woman constitutes what I call the 'essential morality of sex'; this is part of human nature and no normal grown-up man or woman can live happily while affronting it. What is becoming more and more insufferable is the tyranny of 'conventional morality' superimposed on the essential morality, partly overlapping, but to a large extent hostile to it. This constitutes a problem of growing urgency. Men and women refuse to have their lives wasted in hopeless attempts at keeping a loveless and lifeless marriage going. Still more strongly they protest at hearing a love-inspired union denounced as sinful or indecent because it has not been properly blessed or registered by church of legal authorities.

The Everlasting Crusade

With some measure of justification, one could interpret modern history since the Renaissance and the Reformation as a continuous struggle for the liberation of the individual, and whether one looks upon our present situation as just a temporary setback or a permanent defeat is a matter of temperament. But in the sexual field the fight has always gone on in the darkest places, has never ceased through the darkest ages, and is drawing to a victorious conclusion in our own times. There have always been men and women who, for the sake of their love, have braved all dangers and suffered all penalties by poison and the sword, in dungeons and at the stake—and mankind, fascinated by their daring, has gratefully immortalised their names and deeds. Today the crusade of the heroes has become a people's war. Only fools can talk of abolishing or reforming marriage. Countless ordinary men and women are struggling for the right to love each other with their spirits, souls and bodies, safely guided and protected by the essential morality of their hearts. To deride this struggle as a claim for 'free' love is sheer obscurantism. It is a fight to reassert the freedom of the individual and the essential dignity of marriage as a truly personal and spiritual union.

The Romantic Impulse

DIALOGUE IN A GALLERY

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

SCENE: *A small gallery hung with the pictures illustrated here. An artist stands in front of a large painting; a casual visitor enters and looks at the pictures in silence. Presently he approaches the painter.*

Visitor. 'Excuse me. You're an artist? I'm interested in these pictures, but I find them hard to look at.'

Painter. 'You find them difficult? I'm afraid I can't explain them.'

V. 'I don't know I'm all that interested. I don't see why you should want to go painting puzzles.'

P. 'Painters don't aim at puzzles, but if their pictures turn out that way, they aren't easily explained. But an artist could tell you something about the way he looks at trees, buildings, people; about the things he likes looking at—in the country, walking down roads crusty with frozen snow, in the crowded tubes, in the empty streets.'

V. 'I don't mind. I'll listen. Fire away.'

P. 'Shall I tell you about the glassy, shimmering lights, the reflections, the curious violet-black tones of a slate rooftop in rainy weather?'

V. 'Perhaps I'd better be getting along!'

P. 'Shall I begin with the subject of Graham Sutherland's picture here, then—"The Thorn Tree"? You are puzzled, perhaps, by the fierceness of design and the odd jabbing shapes, the big, arbitrary patches of vivid colour, the obvious unlikeness to a thorn tree? But surely you would agree, on looking more closely, that these shapes are tough, alive? Notice how the line whips round with all the tension of a living twig, zig-zagging this way and that for light and air. The vigorously opposed angles struggle together, creating a true sense of life. Have you yourself never seen how actual branches, seen in depth, have this effect; how a contour running in one direction cuts another, twists back, crossing a third; scribbling just such a quick, restless counterpoint upon the eye? To my mind Sutherland is able to convey a sense of the hidden power of growing things: the way trees consolidate their roots, for instance, thrusting their horny tendons downwards, compressing earth and stones, to get a surer foothold on the hilltop.'

V. 'Well, I don't know. Here, have a cigarette. Those patches of colour now, I can't see the reason——'

P. 'No? Well, it isn't easy. Orange, blue and black. Black for the sharp-thorned twigs; orange, perhaps, for the flaming months—October, November—that stripped them bare; blue for the background sky. These associations may well have played a part. Use your eyes; go on looking.'

V. 'It sounds all right.' *Gazes at the picture nervously.* 'Now this one over here; figures all jazzed up with crazy angles, by Robert Colquhoun. I suppose there's some idea behind that?'

P. 'Yes, and don't forget there may be plain experience behind it, too. A painter's eyes aren't often closed. He doesn't only work at set subjects, out of doors or in the studio. He may sit in a bus, for instance, and see something that others miss: something he remembers, notes down and uses

[*Continued on page 53*

By courtesy of Colin Anderson, Esq.

ROBERT COLQUHOUN *b.* The Fortune Teller

By courtesy of Colin Anderson, Esq.

JULIAN TREVELYAN The Hill Farm

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND Thorn Bush

By courtesy of Miss Olive Cook

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN Winter Landscape with a Cockerel

By courtesy of the Lefevre Gal

KEITH VAUGHAN — Deserted House in a Pa

By courtesy of the Lefevre Galleries

ROBERT MACBRYDE — Playing Cards

By courtesy of John Lehmann, E

JOHN MINTON — Melon Sell

By courtesy of the Lefevre Galleries

FRANCES HODGKINS

Houses and Out Houses, Purbeck

Continued from page 48]

later; figures in a street, under the poisonous glow of a neon sign; heads lit from odd angles seen against posters or underground signs which segment the background with flat patches of hard, brilliant colour. The odd, cramped formality of his fellow travellers in the tube may catch his eye, or the way the figures link up with the swift, incisive lines of the metal fittings. The artist may respond to the hard, inhuman quality of such surroundings which seem to close in and freeze the figures, making them less human, constricting them to mass-production patterns; or sometimes, happily, giving point to individual differences which exist in spite of this. Remember that, quite apart from its aesthetic merits, a painting should widen our own visual experience of life. After all, the feelings excited by travelling in the tube are real feelings which may be valuable raw material for a picture—just as valuable as the sensation we get from looking at trees or clouds.'

V. 'I'd rather have trees and clouds in my sitting-room than thorn-trees and dead tomatoes.'

P. 'A painter doesn't bother about sitting-rooms. Subject only matters when it means added excitement. Good painting is always comment—pointed, excited comment—on actual life and appearances.

'Take this picture by Julian Trevelyan. His subject resulted from a journey. Sitting in a train, passing through varied, broken country, he was fascinated by the way the trees and houses floated by as if the whole countryside were turning on a wheel: hills and farms, sheep and cows, men and dogs, everything revolved, came squarely into view, then slid away. A house with black shutters, a child in a red jumper caught skipping by a haystack, a path vanishing in a copse, clouds moving slowly along the sky-like bows of white, shining satin. In this picture, I think, the artist has attempted a composite, panoramic view painted in the afterglow of a memorable journey.

'But John Minton's kind of excitement is something entirely different. He is interested by more intricately-built plastic patterns, by the way a composition swings, grows and develops. He is a draughtsman with a keen eye for the musical architecture of growing shapes—trees and plants, for instance. He pays close attention to detail but often uses information so gained only to comment on the general structure. Notice, in "The Melon Sellers" over there, how the spherical and crescent fruit-shapes contrast structurally with the rectangular enclosure in which the figures are fitted.'

V. 'Spheres, crescents, rectangles—I don't know. I think I follow, but it sounds so bleak. Like writing a book, but fitting shapes together instead of words?'

P. 'Yes, something like that. It's hard to talk about, but I think a good painting, like a book or poem, starts with a very definite and vivid experience. In my own case, this experience gives me a feeling of sudden closeness and identity with the thing I want to paint. You seem suddenly to find yourself *in* the object, or, to put it another way, you discover that the thing looked at fits in with your own kind of imagination, with the shapes and colours you like visualising and thinking about. This experience gives you a feeling of homecoming: of getting in touch with something which is intimately connected with your own make-up as a personality.

'Some people, for example, like curved shapes. If they lie on the beach in summer and start moulding or patting the sand, they form convex, rounded shapes, quite instinctively. Others build straight walls, make partitions, build up square-shaped, flat-sided castles. Others again would tend to incise lines or curves, or might start making patterns with a series of dots, using their fingers or a stick. Now these shapes aren't made by chance; they bear a special correspondence to the person who makes them, just as a "doodle" does or a piece of handwriting. An artist's visual excitement bears on this: he gets excited about the shapes that have this quality of correspondence with his own personality. But these shapes are naturally more complicated because of his own more complex form-experience.

'But to get back to these paintings. That picture over there, "Winter Landscape with a Cockerel", was painted last winter. I had often noticed the way a cockerel will suddenly fly up in a flurry of red feathers and sit on some unexpected object. In this case it perched on the seat of one of those big, horse-drawn rakes used in the fields at haytime. Now, as a child I was once caught in a thunderstorm and sheltered in a doorway of the village street. The sky went suddenly dark and lurid, I remember, and black clouds, shot with an odd, coppery light, crouched over the rooftops opposite. The chimney-pots stood straight as pokers against the strip of light which ran below the clouds. Three sparrows flew up and perched suddenly on the roofline, cutting jet black silhouettes out of the white. I can recall, even now, how their scale, quick movements and twittering life gave extraordinary point to the static hump of roof, to the big, square chimneys and the polished texture of the dripping walls and slates.

'In "Winter Landscape with a Cockerel" the opposition between the fluttering bird-shape and the solid architecture of the actual landscape provided the main theme. I noticed, too, how the clutching feet of the cockerel were repeated by the curved points of the rake which themselves made a clutching gesture. In the middle-distance the upright lines of the barn contrasted with the curves of the agricultural implement, opposed them and gave an added vitality; and how the road to the left, turning as it reaches the farm, re-echoed the curved rhythm, taking the eye away into the distance, into the heart of the design.

'Now all these various shapes need space and air in which to breathe. The individual forms should be given elbow room. So the painter takes care to create certain passages where the attention can rest, in-between passages which allow our play of concentration to relax before passing on to the next point of focal interest—just as in actual life we need sleep as well as work, rest together with activity, so the eye demands a similar variety. It is quickly tried by overcrowded spaces, which leave the separate lines and forms too little room to lead their own lives comfortably.'

V. 'I think I see what you're getting at; but some of these paintings strike me as being a bit restless and jumpy just the same. This big one by Frances Hodgkins. I don't call that over-restful.'

P. 'No, the big charge of life that went to make it is obvious: but I think the forms balance out even so.'

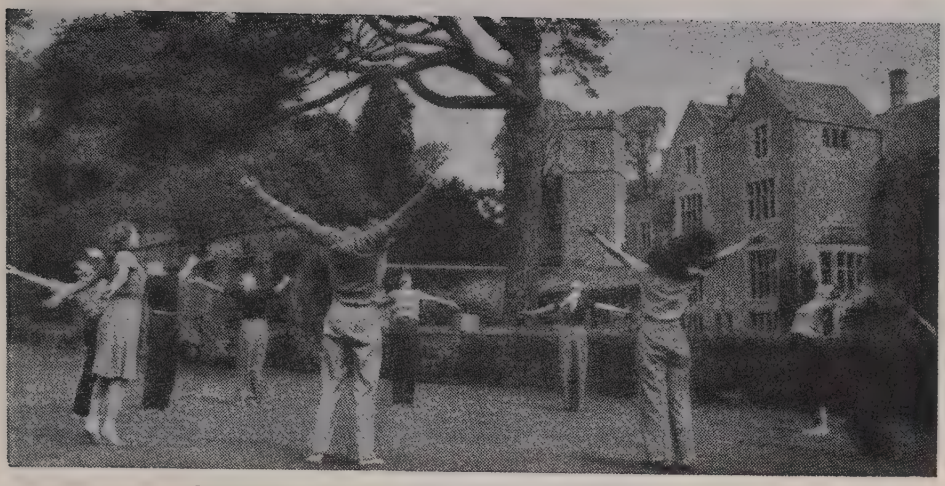
V. "But it's a bit confused, isn't it? Everything seems mixed up and run together.'

P. 'Well, in a sense it has been mixed up and run together. But you could put it another way and say that the original subject has been broken down, then put together again—differently. The parts are there but in a new relation to each other, for several viewpoints have been combined. This compositional method resulted from Frances Hodgkins' way of work. Instead of sitting in one place and drawing all she saw—the traditional procedure—she studied her subject piecemeal, making notes on odd scraps of paper of anything that excited her eye. From this rather personal procedure, the character of her painting follows. Often enough, the various objects, tractor wheels, withered flowers, small groups of leaves or stones, appear loosely enmeshed in a great coloured net; at other times they seem to have attracted to themselves a corruscating tangle of associated shapes and colours. The best of her paintings give us the feeling that some omniscient eye had minutely raked the landscape, bringing to light a whole range of unexpected values.'

V. 'She saw something no one had seen before.' *Screws up his eyes.* 'What was the use, I wonder, or why go making puzzles for tired eyes?'

P. 'That leaves us where we started. Verbal explanation is too often useless. The common ground between us is perhaps too small?'

A gallery attendant enters and starts switching off the lights.



Mens sana in corpore sano! Exercises in the grounds of Dartington Hall

Dartington Hall

AN EXPERIMENT IN LIVING

Is it possible in this modern age to have a 'well balanced' community? At Dartington Hall a courageous experiment has been made to blend together scientific agriculture, manual work, the arts and education

LILO LINKE

MODERN man has more than atom bombs to worry him. His whole mode of living fills him with a vague, increasing unease. Towns are too big, villages too backward, to make him feel settled. He has ceased to 'belong', as the Americans say. In consequence, not only he, but the community, suffers: since he does not feel rooted in it or protected by it any more, his sense of responsibility towards it slackens, which may result in anything from mere indifference to active crime.

The re-establishment of a healthy relationship between individual and community is therefore one of the primary tasks of our age. How could it be achieved? Nearly twenty-five years ago two people set to work in an attempt to discover an answer. They were Leonard K. Elmhirst, a Yorkshire clergyman's son, and his wealthy American-born wife, Dorothy. L.K., as friends and employees call him, had spent several years in India as agricultural adviser to Rabindranath Tagore, who was also trying to find a way towards a richer, happier community life based on a combination of spiritual and practical values.

The Elmhirsts decided to buy a rural estate somewhere in England where the best features of town and country might be brought into a new unity. They acquired Dartington Hall, two miles from the old market town of Totnes. The River Dart, only a narrow stream here, marked one of the boundaries of the estate. It was a lovely, peaceful place, typically English, with its large park, green hills and neatly hedged

As part of the scheme to bring about a mingling of professionals and amateurs, members of the famous Ballet Jooss made their home at Dartington for six years before the war

fields. Historical associations dated back over more than a thousand years, but only ruins survived of important old buildings.

Agriculture the Basis

Agriculture was to be the basis of the experiment; it should pay its way and, further, provide funds not only for pension schemes, etc., but for many cultural activities. To achieve this aim, agriculture had to be run on modern scientific lines. Laboratories, meteorological observation posts, experimental stations for dairy-farming, poultry-breeding, fruit-growing, etc., were set up in quick succession.

Over a thousand acres of woodland were added to the original purchase of some eight hundred acres, now largely reserved for mixed farming, to form a proper economic unit, and a marketing advisory department was created. Before long, what had been a small, impoverished estate, supporting hardly more than a dozen people, was a big thriving enterprise. Scientists and technical experts replaced or supervised the simple farmer. The first step was thereby taken to bring town and country, science and manual work, together in close co-operation.

Things were taken further when it was resolved to turn raw materials into finished goods right on the spot. Old rural industries were revived; handwoven textiles, high-class cider, pure, unfermented apple-juice, modern garden and other furniture were soon produced in model establishments. For some years, the artist Bernard Leach took charge of the pottery which won high praise. A building company was set up to provide modern, well-equipped houses for workers and employees who no longer had to envy people living in town.

All this represented the practical side of the experiment. But Dorothy Elmhirst, who had always had a very active interest in the arts, would not have considered life at Dartington in any way satisfactory without them. It was not merely a question of offering some artists peace and facilities necessary for the pursuit of their individual inclinations. Dartington was to be a community, and the artist was to form part of it and help to give it a soul.

Music, painting, the theatre and the dance, all found their home on the estate. For six years, until the outbreak of the war, the famous Ballet Jooss lived and worked there between tours. A ballet school was founded, and soon after, Michael Chekhov, formerly Director of the Second Moscow Art Theatre, was called to create a drama school. During those exuberant pre-war years, Dartington was like a beehive full of young men and women from

Some of the 225 pupils of the Dartington Hall School, run on unorthodox and experimental lines—a large measure of 'self-government' has been introduced

the four corners of the earth. It was an enchanting world: actors and dancers were practising in the wide open-air theatre lined by century-old yews, or on the up-to-date stage of the converted old tithe-barn. Music sounded from many rooms where composers and performers prepared the next concert to be given in the impressive banqueting hall, not long ago a roofless ruin. Up in the tower, Hein Heckroth, later to work for British films, designed costumes and scenery.

Educational Activities

From the outset, the intention was to bring about a mingling of professionals and amateurs, to their mutual benefit. Estate employees and workers were invited to act not merely as spectators and critics, but to join the courses organised for them by the professionals. They were offered a chance to learn how to act, to dance, to paint, to play an instrument, to sing, in a way which no big town could have granted them right at their doorstep and as an integral part of their everyday lives.

Adult education was built up in a systematic manner only from the autumn of 1946 onwards, when a full-time officer took charge, organising lectures, discussion groups, exhibitions, and practical classes in arts and crafts. Previously, these activities were carried out spread over the whole estate, but it was felt that they needed a firmer structure to satisfy growing numbers of people. Today, one hundred and fifty students are enrolled in one or several of the courses.

Obviously, a place like Dartington with its eyes directed towards the future, had to pay special attention to the upbringing of children. Therefore, as far back as 1926, only a year after the purchase of Dartington Hall itself, Dartington Hall School was founded. It started with a mere dozen children. Today it is one of the foremost schools in this country, its two hundred and twenty-five pupils from many parts of the world distributed in nursery, junior and senior school. Their common aim might best be described by the title of Headmaster W. C. Curry's latest book, *Education for Sanity* (Heinemann, 1947).

'What we want to see,' Headmaster Curry says, 'are schools where the personalities of children are respected. Free schools are the natural foundation of free societies. It's no use hoping, as Bernard Shaw pointed out long ago, that men and women will be free if you bring them up as slaves.'

Dartington pupils are therefore granted almost complete liberty; whatever restrictions exist were nearly all introduced by the children themselves, through the machinery

of self-government. At first this led to a great deal of confusion; but, Curry argues, what better way was there for the children to learn wisdom than through their own mistakes? It was their school, their society, their traditions they were building up. The adult, as far as possible, kept in the background.

'Yet,' Curry explains, 'he must be there and trusted. He must have enough sense to know when to interfere. Otherwise there is no security. On the other hand, he must know when to leave the child alone. Otherwise, there is no freedom.'

Altogether, the child should be offered the maximum opportunity to grow into a rational responsible being able to take decisions, to stand on its own feet, to learn through trial and error.

These ideas and the logically consistent way in which they are being carried into practice appear too revolutionary even to many Dartington parents. This dismays neither Mr. Curry nor the Elmhirsts. They know that the school is one of the many Dartington departments where experiments are being carried out. In time, results obtained will influence and help to change institutions outside which have neither funds nor opportunity to embark on the initial risk of bold, new enterprise.

Naturally, the war brought far-reaching changes in many departments. Practical work came to the fore while artistic and cultural activities stopped or were pushed into the background. Foreign artists and experts had to leave; British men and women joined the forces. But gradually now the arts find their place again. Thus under Imogen Holst, daughter of the composer, Gustav Holst, a music centre was established, above all to give rural music teachers a specialised training. Other ambitious plans exist for the future because, as Dorothy Elmhirst declared recently, 'more than ever the experience of art is needed as a unifying force in this tragic era when life is being splintered and broken into pieces. Here at Dartington, we hope to provide opportunities for people to find this vital refreshment.'

The Achievements

The moment may be opportune to look back over the first two decades of Dartington's development. Surely not even the most critical observer could deny that Dartington has sunk deep roots and has proved itself strong enough for healthy growth. In agriculture and forestry, in crafts such as weaving, in education, in various artistic fields, Dartington's work is considered exemplary and has attracted students and expert observers from all over the world who have contributed their share to the spread of its influence.

The war, though it enforced deviations in some fields, brought quicker progress in others. Prosperity is obvious even to the casual visitor; he will see well-kept parks and orchards, prize-cattle, large, white buildings at the edge of green fields, beautifully restored old buildings around the courtyard lawns, posters inviting to art exhibitions, lectures, plays and hundreds of people bustling about in a purposeful way. Nearly three hundred people live on the estate, not counting the pupils of Dartington School. In addition, some two hundred employees and workers live in Totnes and elsewhere. Dartington has gone a long way from the day of its foundation.

The question arises whether Dartington has been a success in a deeper sense, whether it has been able to create a new group feeling, a happier relationship between the individual and his environment. Here the answer is less simple. As positive factors making for happiness, we may put down the beautiful surroundings, the chance of escape from the nerve-racking rhythm of modern town-life, the manifold opportunities for artistic and cultural development—three gifts granted to all who live at Dartington. But it is only natural that Dartington could not isolate itself from the general restlessness of the world today, nor shut out the fatigue and disillusionment due to the war. It is here where judgment becomes difficult because there is no exact measure to say how much of this is carried in from outside, how much is born of conditions at Dartington itself.

Still, from an examination of the latter, we may come to certain tentative conclusions.

Assessing the Results

Most likely there are grumblers even in heaven. Besides, a place like Dartington was bound to attract cranks who would fit in nowhere, and people who would only want a temporary refuge. But apart from them, many who approached Dartington with enthusiasm did not settle down for long. Was it that they were tried and found wanting, or was it that Dartington failed by not offering them a lasting inspiration?

Obviously we must reckon with both these possibilities. The first is of little consequence for our discussion; for the second, there exist three possible explanations. First, Dartington was not founded by a group of people with a common creative desire and an equal stake in the success of the venture, but by two individuals who selected a staff to help them give life to their plan. L. K. and Dorothy Elmhirst set no limit to their co-operation and sacrifices, and to their financial and moral support. But these very facts could not fail to intimidate the more sensitive among their employees. These restrained their impulses and enthusiasm so that they might not be suspected of angling for favours. Others, on the contrary, had the equally natural desire to attract the founders' attention and were quickly disappointed when they discovered that, for some reason or other, no special opportunities were offered them.

Another basic difficulty may rest in the size of the enterprise. As long as there were only comparatively few employees and workers, they could feel like proud pioneers, like members of a family. But as departments grew into bigger units, people naturally tended to fall back on themselves and their immediate colleagues. Thus a teacher, who in the early days had worked shoulder to shoulder with laboratory assistants and painters, became too busy with the increasing number of pupils under his care to continue his close identification with Dartington as a whole.

Yet while the community slowly turned into a series of specialised groups and enterprises, it was at the same time too small to allow people desirous of a change to 'get away from it all.' Many found it tiring to see the same faces at work and play. They withdrew to their own rooms or houses, to books and radio. More and more began to limit themselves to their individual purpose, the one to dancing, the other to agriculture, and that increased the keener the individual was on his own job. The combination of practical and cultural elements, their interpenetration into the community, became something no longer realised by everyone living on the estate. Many lived at Dartington as they might have lived anywhere, with no special consciousness that Dartington was aiming at something quite out of the ordinary.

This brings us to the third point: Dartington is not held together by a common belief. Is not the very basis of Dartington, just as that of the school, respect for the individual? People at Dartington hold the most divergent political and religious convictions, each following his own particular bent. Both Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst always made it clear that they had no desire to let these convictions be swallowed and superseded by a 'Dartington Creed'. Nothing could embarrass them more than a massed choir singing a 'Hymn to Dartington', or worse, a 'Song in Praise of the Elmhirsts'. Such sober reticence is an admirable, and perhaps the only reasonable, attitude. But the question arises whether, without a common belief, a real community can develop.

The all-important answer is still left to the future. Fortunately, Dartington is a living thing and therefore constantly readjusting itself. In less than twenty-five years, much has been achieved already, and even the disrupting influence of the war has only acted as a temporary brake. Consciousness of the pressing needs of today is now leading to a whole series of new enterprises and experiments. It may well be that, as a result, Dartington is still going to teach us its most important lesson.

The Harvest of the Revolution

ENGLISHMEN, in their supercilious, practical, John Bull fashion, have never done adequate justice to the Revolutionary movement of 1848. It was so very contrary to English ideas, all this wild work of Barricades and Abdications, Insurrections and Rhodomontade. Nevertheless, of all nations England had most reason to rejoice at a movement which not merely ministered so mightily to her good conceit of herself, but delivered her from a very real peril. We hear a good deal of talk of a Continental Coalition against England nowadays. It is forgotten that, but for the popular convulsion which sent Louis Philippe packing, we should have had to face a hostile Continent in 1848. Sir Theodore Martin says:

> But for the Revolution of 1848, Great Britain, as we now know, would have found France arrayed against her in an alliance with Russia, Austria and Prussia. These Powers had become so seriously alarmed at the encouragement given by England to the Constitutional movement in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Italy, that they considered it necessary to unite in measures for the common defence.

Nor was that the only benefit we reaped from the great overturn. John Bull is not a *persona grata* on the Continent, but his personal unpopularity disappeared. England for a year, at least, became the great exemplar. Sovereigns and their subjects alike looked with longing eyes to the one great State which had shown the world how simple it was to combine order with liberty. The great Continental struggle was prompted by an aspiration for liberties which had long been the common possession of all Britons. A free Constitution, a free press, the right of public meeting, trial by jury—these war cries of the Revolution had been for two hundred years the fundamental principles of the British monarchy.

'I think you had better ride, Arthur. Devonshire is rather a heavy-weight, and I am afraid Joe would want to ride the "demon".' From the *Wesminster Gazette*

'Christian Democracy'

A ROMAN CATHOLIC 'CRY' AND PROGRAMME

In a recent number of the *Dublin Review*, Mr. C. S. Devas asks 'whether we cannot sum up the glorious social tradition of the Church in a short form of words', and proposes the formula, 'Christian Democracy'. He quotes from 'the premier Catholic social magazine', the *Rivista Internazionale* of Rome:

> 'Democracy in its essence can be defined as a State so constituted that all the social, legal, and economic forces forming a developed hierarchy, co-operate each in due proportion to the common good, and have as their issue the prevailing advantage of the lower classes. . . . The social order founded on duty is meant by God for the advantage of all. But since for the attainment of an obligatory common good the duty of contributing rests on each *in proportion to capacity*, while the distribution of the good is in *proportion to need*, this social order works out into *a hierarchy of duties*, which from the nature of the case fall with greater weight on the upper classes and issue in greater benefit for the lower classes.' . . . This conception of the social order is pre-eminently scriptural and Christian.

Anglophobia Un-American

In the *North American Review* for March, the Bishop of Albany, Dr. Doane, discourses on 'Patriotism: its Dangers and its Duties'. With him duty is not a synonym for annexation. His paper appears to have been suggested by Mr. Chamberlain's very noble speech at Glasgow when he was installed as Lord Rector of that University. The most important part of it is that in which he reviews the Anglophobia which unfortunately is still cultivated by a certain section of the American people. Bishop Doane says:

> I have dwelt upon this Anglophobia for two reasons: first, because it is the most prominent form of this mistaken patriotism, this 'exclusive preference', which measures love of one's own country by hatred

of another; and, in the next place, because more than any other hatred, it is the most unnatural, and the most un-American sentiment. It is quite true that, if the census of descent were taken as the test, the sons or descendants of Englishmen by no means make up the majority of American citizens. But there is descent other than that of birth and a lineage beside that of blood. The unity of language, literature, and law between England and America is a threefold cord that cannot be broken. To have our English Bible, our English Shakespeare, our English Blackstone all absolutely American, in reverence and influence outweighs, outvotes and overwhelms all questions of racial compositeness.

He admits all that can be said against British action in America in the past.

But, he says:

to recall them today for the sake of creating or continuing prejudice and dislike against the England of today, with her splendid triumphs of imperial extension and colonial administration, on the part of the America of today, with her glorious development of power, is an act whose wickedness is only equalled by its folly.

THE BROKEN CHAIN
From the *New York World*

Indian Frontier Warfare

Lieutenant Churchill is a ready writer, with a gift of expressing himself in a graphic and telling manner. He possesses the power of making his readers see again what he has observed and experienced. At the same time he is a trifle conscious of his abilities as a writer, and somewhat too prone artificially to enhance the effect of his narrative. Nevertheless, his *Story of the Malakand Field Force* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.) is, in many respects, the best account of the recent operations on the North-West Frontier of India which has been published. His descriptions of the scene of operations are full of picturesque details, which enable the reader to picture to himself the background of the military actions of which he writes.

The Sensitiveness of Civilisation

Two points noted by Lieutenant Churchill are interesting as illustrating the extreme sensitiveness of modern civilisation. A handful of fanatical tribesmen attack a fort on the confines of civilisation. The first shot has hardly been fired when the news is flashed by telegraph to all parts of the world, and within a few hours the resources of an Empire are being concentrated upon the threatened outpost. The existence of the telegraph must be an immense moral backing to a beleaguered garrison and quite incomprehensible to their fanatical enemies:

What did they know of the distant regiments which the telegraph wires were drawing from far down in the South of India? Little did they realise they had set the world humming; that military officers were hurrying 7,000 miles by sea and land from England to the camp in the mountains, that long trains were carrying ammunition, material and supplies from distant depots to the front; that astute financiers were considering how their action had affected the ratio between silver and gold, and that sharp politicians were wondering how the outbreak in Swat might be made to influence the impending by-elections.

Can Russia Invade India?

Lieutenant-Colonel von Bieberstein, of the German Army, writes in the *North American Review* on this well-worn theme, his conclusion being that it is very doubtful whether the Russians could invade India, and that in any case they could not do it easily. It is interesting to note that this German authority strongly condemns the policy so much favoured by the men of our Forward school who object to waiting for the Russian attack in positions where we would be the stronger, and insist upon meeting it halfway across Afghanistan. Colonel von Bieberstein says:

The conquest of British India appears to be a task which would be one of extreme difficulty for a Russian force, if it were only on account of the immense spaces to be traversed, and of the unfavourable geographical circumstances. At any rate, as Russia must create a new base of operations on the Indus, leaving behind troops for its protection, this gigantic undertaking could not be carried out, as some suppose, with a hundred thousand men.

If we fight at the Indus, he says—

it would take longer for Russia to land relief troops and war material on the field of operations than for the British.

(2) Nikolai Gogol

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

GEORGE REAVEY

Of all the extraordinary writers who helped to create a great Russian literature between 1820 and 1880, Nikolai Gogol was perhaps the strangest.

The lives, characters and destinies of a Pushkin and Lermontov, a Dostoievsky and Tolstoy, were colourful and dramatic and have provided inexhaustible material for biographers. Gogol's work, particularly his biography, have on the whole been the object of less critical attention outside Russia. But a study of his life and work is an essential preliminary to the great age of the Russian novel and its later ramifications right into the Soviet period. Just as Pushkin proved to be the first truly national poet, Gogol turned out to be not only the first great Russian prose writer and novelist, but also a perennial source of inspiration, influence, and sometimes strange explorations.

In short, Gogol's major works, especially his play, *The Government Inspector*, and his novel, *Dead Souls*, had all been conceived by 1836 and published by 1842, that is, in the formative period of Russian literature; and they therefore exercised an enormous influence on the writers who succeeded him. Moreover, the various themes and elements discernible in these works—Gogol's style, his peculiar vision, his attitude and tormented destiny—all helped to infuse a tortured and troubled spirit into a literature where before had reigned Pushkin's harmonious and rational muse. In fact, Gogol had introduced a strong vein of irrationality into Russian literature, which was later to be exploited in different ways by Dostoievsky, Remizov, Biely, and others.

Somewhere in the depths of Gogol's subconsciousness a demon lurked. This devil, or as the Russians call him, *chort*, was no mere accessory of folklore as he may have appeared to be in some of Gogol's earlier tales, but a very vital force manifesting itself in the most unexpected places in his writings through metaphor and the eerie metamorphoses of objects and situations, which his fantasy often generated quite spontaneously and inexplicably. If we were to seek a visual image of some of Gogol's fancies, one might at first turn to Chagall and his dissociated but poetic dream-world or, better still, to the more lucid and more terrifying super-real world of Hieronymus Bosch, which generates an endless process of metamorphoses of one object into another; and when we have Gogol suddenly comparing some cockroaches in a corner with 'dried prunes', and the bald pate of a man walking down the Nevsky Prospect with a 'silver dish', or when Sobakievich, in *Dead Souls*, is likened to a bear, and all his furniture is made to assume certain bearish characteristics, we realise from the very precision of the metamorphosis-image the sort of world that has been revealed to us.

Gogol has often been described as a realist, and that is the aspect of him which Soviet critics stress when they speak of him as a 'critical realist'. That was the aspect of him also praised by his radical contemporaries, by critics like Bielinsky, or reviled by the shocked philistines and reactionaries

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of his day on whom he had very much the same effect as James Joyce's *Ulysses* had on Sir Edmund Gosse. Gogol was indeed in many ways a realist, with social implications in his day as well as our own, but over and above that, was that strange irrational force, which was at the very root of works such as *The Government Inspector*, *Dead Souls*, and stories like *The Greatcoat* and *The Nose*. This irrational vision ultimately amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the very meaning and significance of human and social life in the context in which he knew them. Gogol's eventual awareness of, and self-consciousness about, this elemental and irresponsible force, which lurked within him and which frequently broke through all the more staid conventional patterns or even through the logic of syntax, as well as the shock he suffered from the criticisms levelled against him from 1836 onwards, led to that spiritual crisis and deepened scission within himself, which ended only in the agony of his death after a partially successful attempt, under religious influence, to exorcise the demon in him and to substitute for it a more positive ethical principle in his writing of parts two and three of *Dead Souls*. After a ten-year struggle to dim the inferno of part one of his vast 'poem', as he called it, by the increasing radiance of a moral purgatorio and a transcendent paradise, he finished in despair by burning the manuscript and dying ten days later in a condition that could truly have been depicted only by Hieronymus Bosch himself.

The final crisis was only the culmination of a series. But to get the proper perspective and to establish the inter-relation between Gogol's life and work, we must consult his biography more closely.

His Early Background

Nikolai Gogol-Janovsky, to give him his full name, was born on 31 March 1809, at Sorochinsky in the Ukraine. His father was a small landowner of the old-fashioned, patriarchal type. His father was a Ukrainian and his mother of noble descent. These facts are important in explaining certain aspects of Gogol's later attitude to reality. His parents' old-world sentimentality and romantic sensibility were to be contrasted in their son's mind with their inherent futility and inability, as time went on, to deal with those urgent and practical problems of reorganisation, which had to be faced on their estates as a result of changing economic conditions on the land. The old system based on serfdom was already creaking. The world of the Ukraine, too, was distinct from that of Great Russia, where Gogol was eventually to get his schooling (at the Nezhin High School) as from 1821. The Ukrainian language had a life, rhythm and tradition of its own. It is curious to think that Gogol, like the poet Shevchenko, might well have written in Ukrainian instead of in Russian, and thus found himself outside the main stream of Russian literary development. As it is, his Russian bears unmistakable traces of Ukrainian influences. The atmosphere and folk-lore of his earlier tales in *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka* (1831) and *Mirgorod* (1835) was also Ukrainian. Another Ukrainian element was the tradition that had still survived of the 'good old days' of the Zaporog Cossacks' independence, when they had in turn fought the Tsar of Muscovy, the Crimean Khan, and the King of Poland, and had formed a free brotherhood of fighting men. As Gogol became increasingly disillusioned and stifled in an atmosphere of serfdom and bureacracy, he gave this idyllic image of his youth—that of the free Cossack—a body of rhythmical prose in his romantic, Walter Scott, historical novel, *Taras Bulba* (1835)—the only positive, though unrealistic, heroic narrative he ever succeeded in completing.

But the idyllic and romantic background of his youth, that of the *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka*, *Mirgorod* and *Taras Bulba* (though in them, too, another strain, compounded of fantasy and realism, had already begun to appear), was gradually to yield to another sort of reality which he began to discover for himself in a more poignant way after he had established himself in Petersburg in 1828.

Nikolai Gogol, novelist and dramatist, 1809–1852

He had been a rather sickly and introspective boy, given to illusions. At school he had been interested mainly in theatricals and books outside the curriculum. His masters had no inkling of his budding genius, though his mother had apparently had some early premonitions of his future greatness. On leaving school he had conceived a glamorous vision of Petersburg and the brilliant career of public service that awaited him there. The facts were to belie his dreams. He spent a year looking for a post, and Petersburg chilled his warm Ukrainian fantasy: he found the city cold, alien and *bureaucratic*. It was, of course, the age of Nicholas I, who had only a few years before, in 1825, crushed the Decembrist rising of young idealists imbued with the emancipating ideas acquired by them since the Napoleonic campaigns—an age of barrack-like rules and regulations, and, as the fate of the national poet, Pushkin, demonstrated, of close patriarchal scrutiny on the Tsar's part into the opinions and lives of his now more than usually restive subjects.

Bureaucracy, officialdom, the *chinovnik* rampant: in his heart of hearts Gogol must have decided that this was the negation of any creative belief or childhood illusion. In his later Petersburg stories, like *The Nevsky*, *The Greatcoat*, *The Memoirs of a Madman*, in his play *The Government Inspector*, in his novel *Dead Souls*, right through his best and most original work, he kept hammering away at this wretched, dummy figure of the *chinovnik* or bureaucrat, poking fun at him, not so much ridiculing him as reducing him to the absurd status of an automaton, in fact making him look completely and convincingly unreal—in the sense in which a world which is too much with us may assume the proportions of fantasy. Gogol's irrational demon could not stomach him, though Gogol, the conscious job-seeker, had once aspired to become a *chinovnik* himself and had, indeed, worked in a government department for a whole year.

An Irrational Genius

At this stage Gogol's negation of the world he saw round him reached the point where he wrote his *Memoirs of a Madman*, in which life is seen through the eyes of a petty civil servant who gradually goes mad and imagines the asylum to be a palace and himself the King of Spain; and *The Nose*, a grotesque fantasy in the style of Bosch if there ever were one, wherein another civil servant of higher rank misses his nose one morning and finally discovers it driving about Petersburg in a carriage, uniform and all. Gogol may have subconsciously associated his own nose with the devil that haunted him, for he had a very long, flexible and pointed nose, which peeps out in all sorts of odd places in his works. And it is recorded of him as a boy at school that, in rehearsing the part of an old man in some play, he exercised his nose for a whole month in front of a mirror in an attempt, successfully achieved, to make it meet his chin by way of an added comic effect.

By 1836, when *The Government Inspector* was first produced in Petersburg, Gogol was already a writer of repute and a friend of Pushkin, Aksakov, the Slavophil, and Zhukovsky, the poet and translator, who had done a masterly version of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which became a Russian classic.

The Government Inspector, a dream-like play full of absurdly comic situations, portrayed again the corrupt world of bureaucracy

without any redeeming features except the stupid comicality of the characters or rather grotesques involved in a nightmare of a situation: the mayor and the officials of a provincial town mistake a penniless young fantast, stranded in the town for lack of funds, for the Government inspector they had been warned to expect incognito. The plot is typical of the Gogolian fantasy and the author's irrational *reductio ad absurdum* approach to social phenomena. There is no moralising in the play as such and no pointed message except in the very conception of the situation and the personages as absurd yet convincing in detail. In this sense, Gogol's vision or device is very like that later employed by the dadaists and surrealists, though he himself was never quite so consistently extreme in his poetic disassociations of images. The world portrayed is an amoral one or, as we might call it today, 'existentialist'.

The play was naturally a sensation, but not quite in the way Gogol had expected. It became a battleground of the political camps. The bureaucrats and the reactionaries condemned Gogol as 'an enemy of Russia'. Had he not questioned the foundations of the pillars of the State? The radicals, including the critic Bielinsky, made capital out of it as a pointed satire against social conditions and the administrative machinery. The mystery of it all was that Nicholas I had himself given permission for the play to be staged despite his censors' objections.

This critical reaction, and Gogol's realisation that he could not control the dynamic effects of his work, exacerbated the latent crisis in his divided mind. For having, by the force of his irrational genius, reduced the world and the men he saw in it to the absurdity of a meaningless dream, he yet hankered in his inner self to remedy the situation and to arrive at some positive and unified conception of society. But in practice his ethical strivings only assumed the uncreatively barren form of tracts, apologies, or revisions of his work; and spiritually and politically he began to lean upon the traditional props of autocracy and orthodoxy—a mystical state of mind which became further accentuated as another crisis developed out of the publication of the first part of *Dead Souls*.

Self-Imposed Exile

His immediate reaction to the clamour of 1836 was to take to his heels. He set off for Europe, where he lived until 1848—in Germany, France, Switzerland, and particularly Rome—with but occasional visits to Russia. His propensity for running away from himself and for burning his manuscripts was already displayed in 1829, when, following a slashing criticism of an early poem of his, *Hanz Kuechegarten*, published anonymously, he rushed round the bookshops buying up and destroying the edition. This gesture was followed by a sudden trip to North Germany, for which he paid with some money his mother had sent him for quite other purposes. He could not burn *The Government Inspector*, but he tried to write an epilogue and to build up a moral justification for it. And he took to his heels. From then on he lived mostly abroad, pondering on the destiny of Russia and writing his 'immense poem', his novel, *Dead Souls*. By 1841 the first part of this novel had been completed and Gogol paid a brief visit to Russia, where the censors objected to the title on the ground that 'souls were immortal.' However, Bielinsky succeeded in steering the book through, and it was duly published in 1842.

Since then, *Dead Souls* has become a world classic. It is a strange, and yet supremely comic book, full of astonishing lyrical passages, prophetic meditations, absurd situations and grotesquely funny characters. It is far from being merely a narrative of *Home life in Old Russia*, as some of its translators have dubbed it. It is more in the nature of a phantasmagoria, which creates the illusion of reality. Gogol's 'dead souls' are, of course, those deceased serfs whose names were still kept on the official register until the next census. The fantastical hero of the 'poem', Chichikov, evolves the brilliant and macabre idea of making a fortune for

himself by buying up cheaply such 'dead souls' as various landowners will part with in order to avoid paying a poll-tax on them and by then realising some money on them as though they were still alive.

His Influence on Thought

Chichikov's peregrinations in quest of this mythical fortune afford Gogol the opportunity of peeping into all sorts of queer corners in that old Russian world of landowners, serfs and provincial bureaucrats. A gallery of the most extraordinary characters surges up as Chichikov's troika gallops or ambles through the endless and monotonous Russian countryside. Through Gogol's eyes everything appears strange: details are magnified, traits become personified, the world—Russia is a very queer place. Here again in the main characters and situations we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of human activities, of society itself and man in particular. Chichikov is not really a human being but a will-o'-the-wisp of thwarted illusions in a world as unreal because it is based on the power of money and slavery, which make automata of people. That is the higher moral that can be deduced from *Dead Souls* (part one), the world of which is otherwise as amoral and self-contained as that of *The Government Inspector*.

The publication of *Dead Souls* had a tremendous effect not only on Gogol himself, but also on social opinion and the exponents of radical thought. The 1840s were a period when Russian thought had really begun to stir; and the first main objective of progressive Russian thinkers, apart from curbing the power of the autocracy, was to ensure the abolition of serfdom. By this time the intelligentsia, though it was still idealistically inclined and rather rosy-spectacled, had emerged as a more forceful element in the national life. The Russian people, the peasantry, some ninety per cent of the whole population, was still in bondage; and it was the function of the intelligentsia to discover and liberate this mass. The main trend of Russian development ever since has been a sequel to this aim propounded in the 1840s. For all its fantasy and pessimism, Gogol's *Dead Souls*, when given a social interpretation, was like a charge of dynamite in this atmosphere.

The effect of his book, and of the reactions to it on Gogol himself, was to plunge him into an abyss of even deeper pessimism. He felt that he had written his inferno. He wished to expiate this by writing a brighter and more positive sequel, in which real human characters would display positive qualities in a positive social atmosphere. For years he struggled to embody a new message and hope in parts two and three, but, in exorcising the devil by putting himself under the guidance of a priest, his genius appeared to have forsaken him, and the sententious moralities of his *Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends* (1847) only roused the fury of Bielinsky and many former friends. Having already burnt some chapters of his book in 1845, and after having gone to Jerusalem in 1848, Gogol turned his back on revolutionary Europe and returned to Russia. But his depression only increased. Finally, he burnt most of his manuscript, staged a hunger-strike and died on 4 March 1852, under the rough treatment meted out to him by doctors who emptied buckets of icy water over him and stuck leeches to his notorious nose.

Gogol's influence was to prove vital and lasting. When he wrote his *Poor Folk*, Dostoievsky was introduced to Bielinsky as a 'new Gogol'. Of the moderns, his influence is to be seen most in Alexey Remizov and Andrey Biely, the Russian James Joyce, in whose work the prose narrative and the human image were to become disintegrated still further into a rhythmical pattern of verbal associations. As a satirist, he has also influenced the novels of the Soviet writers, Ilf and Petrov. And as for Gogol's magnifying spectacles, it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that their device has frequently been adopted by Soviet propaganda, when analysing critically the 'capitalist encirclement', which in its eyes assumes that bizarre and 'foreign' air so often imparted by Gogol to both his animate and inanimate objects.

New Books

THE AWAKENING

By L. S. Amery. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.

Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.

It is profoundly impressive that Mr. Amery in an old age in which he has every excuse both for leisure and for disappointment should instead turn his unceasing energy to his criticism of the problem of the new world.

We have already had from his pen two of the most valuable of all criticisms of post-war economic policies, and now, unflagging, he returns to the charge with a third volume equally valuable. The thesis is the familiar one of the folly of absolute free trade even as an ideal, of the need for guarding ourselves by discrimination against predominant America and for building up on a basis of Imperial Preference a strong British Empire. With these principles Mr. Amery has already in other volumes attacked the American Loan agreement. He now turns his attack to the Geneva Tariff agreement.

He has no difficulty in exposing the complete contradiction in the trade policy of the present British Government. Socialism is of its nature a planned economy and therefore discriminatory, and for such a country as ours to wish to combine planned economy at home with non-discrimination in its foreign trade is an absurdity. 'This problem'—the problem of unemployment—Mr. Amery quotes the Trade Union Congress as saying in October 1944, 'cannot be solved by cut-throat competition. On the contrary, it demands the public regulation and control of our foreign trade as a whole.' And now the Socialist Government demands assent to an instrument for 'the elimination of discrimination' and to a promise that we will make it our aim to regulate our imports solely by their price. Mr. Amery has no difficulty in showing the contradictions of such a policy.

The truth is that, under the circumstances that exist, such politics as those of Geneva are not at all likely to lead to freer multilateral trade. On the contrary, with all the rest of the world in debt to America and with heavy burdens on the debtors who do not pay and no burdens on the creditors who do not receive, they are much more likely to lead to a cut-throat competition between all the half-starved nations of the world to export the goods which they can ill spare and, in competition with one another, to seek to force them on the Americans who do not want them.

The Government has embarked on an ambitious and beneficent scheme of Empire development. But the great danger is that, after having spent our capital on developing the products of the Empire, we shall then be prevented by our own engagements from marketing them. We have promised not to put on any new preferences nor to increase existing preference. That might have been all right if we were not developing any new products. It is a policy for a static but not for a dynamic Empire.

The truth is, as Mr. Amery shows, that there is folly in the whole pretence that the American surplus of exports over imports, whether to this country or to the world at large, is a passing phase, due to the dislocations of war and to be remedied in a handful of years. Such an excess has been a major factor in the world's economy for the whole of this century and is certain to continue so for the rest of our lifetime.

The only real remedy lies in the adoption by the Americans of some such plan as the F.E.I.S. plan, by which America's claim on payment for exports for which she does not wish to receive goods is automatically cancelled. But, until America adopts such a policy, then the only possibility—alike in American interest and in that of the world—is for America not to discriminate against the rest of the world but for the rest of the world to discriminate against America; for the regional units of the world, Western Europe, the British Empire and the rest, to trade as freely as possible

within themselves and only to take from America what they cannot possibly get elsewhere. There is nothing offensive to America in that.

In the nineteenth century, when we were the predominant country, we preserved free trade and allowed the rest of the world to protect itself against us by tariffs. We did not discriminate and allowed others to discriminate against us. America must do the same today.

It is one of the great virtues of Mr. Amery's books that he always prints the relevant documents at the end. For this as for other reasons, we must warmly recommend the outstanding criticism of the economic crisis of the day.

THE RED PRUSSIAN

By Leopold Schwarzschild. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16s.

For the most part earlier biographers of Karl Marx set firmly on the head of their subject a halo of humanitarianism. One wrote that the favourite saying of Marx was: 'Nothing human is foreign to me.' But the latest biography of the prophet of modern Communism dislodges the halo. From the 300-odd pages of Mr. Schwarzschild's book emerges a new Marx, a fanatical egoist to whom almost everything human was foreign.

In his preface, the author (a distinguished journalist banished from his native Germany in 1933 by the Nazis) claims that most of his 'debunking' material came from the complete correspondence of Marx and his lifelong friend, Friedrich Engels, originally published in an unabridged addition in Moscow.

At first Marx had no notion of politics. At Berlin University he idled away much of his time, and had abortive dreams of becoming a great poet. He was only twenty-four when first he imbibed the Communistic doctrine from its founder, Moses Hess, who also converted Engels, son of a wealthy German cotton manufacturer, whose firm had business connections in Manchester.

The real collaboration between Marx and Engels began in Paris (1844), where the former was making a thin living as a freelance journalist. It is just one hundred years ago since Marx and Engels published their famous *Communist Manifesto.* Not all of it was original. Some of the Manifesto's most 'unforgettable' slogans, including 'The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains' were borrowed from Marat, terrorist of the French Revolution.

At this time the authors thought that their desired world revolution by armed force was not far distant. They were also ardent warmongers, rightly believing that the horror and devastation of war provided an ideal seed-bed for the future revolution.

But in the weary years of waiting for the red dawn, Marx and his family would have starved had Engels not returned to 'filthy commerce' in Manchester, where he earned enough to support both his friend and himself.

During his long exile in London Marx was not idle, though it took him over five years to write the first volume of the monumental *Das Kapital.* In addition, he waged a bitter war not only against the hated capitalists, but also against his own associates if he thought they were overshadowing his position.

Brilliantly Mr. Schwarzschild portrays the vitriolic pen campaigns, filled with slanderous allegations, which Marx conducted against such socialist leaders as Ferdinand Lassalle and the Russian, Bakunin. And although he constantly urged the workers to revolt, in private he called them 'the stupid workers' and 'the red communist mob'. A fellow revolutionary, Lieutenant Techow, observed: 'the only persons whom he [Marx] really respects are the aristocrats, the genuine ones, those who are conscious of their ancestry.'

This impressive and very readable book destroys much of the Marxist legend, but it does little to illuminate just why Marx's teachings have had so tremendous an effect on world events.

Yet, when Marx died in 1883, only eight mourners were present at Highgate cemetery. Among them was the faithful Engels who said: 'His name will live through the centuries and so also will his work.' And today, whatever the outcome, Marx's works are far from being forgotten.

JOHN NIVEN

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HODDER and STOUGHTON

BOLIVAR

By Emil Ludwig. *W. H. Allen.* 17s. 6d.

The latest figure to be included in Emil Ludwig's gallery of the famous is Simno Bolivar, the great *Libertador* of South America. The book was written before the war at the request of the Venezuelan Government. As a biography it falls below the impressive standard set by the author in his studies of *Napoleon* and *Lincoln.*

Unlike many of the great crusaders of history, Bolivar (1783–1830) was born to wealth and wide estates in Caracas. His early years were spent playing the gallant at the brilliant courts of Europe. The earliest revolutionary influence in the young millionaire's life was his tutor Rodriguez's unorthodox humanitarian teachings, which acted as a lodestar throughout Bolivar's tempestuous life.

During his twenties the haughty young man bitterly resented slights put upon him by the Spanish court of Madrid. In addition, he envied the glory and pomp of Napoleon then at the height of his power. These things spurred him into a career which lost him a personal fortune of five millions, but which created five new republics from the sprawling Spanish-American Empire. In the end Bolivar died childless, but gave his name to one country, one province and two cities.

In Bolivar's life-story Mr. Ludwig had a subject rich in drama set in a country more gaudy than many of Hollywood's super-technicolor productions. But the author largely ignores this, surrounds his subject with so thick a psychological smoke-screen that it is hard to distinguish clearly the real Bolivar.

The author's main preoccupation is with a detailed analysis of the *Libertador's* feelings and thoughts which prompted his momentous actions. He deals in a cursory fashion with the many campaigns fought by the aristocrat turned soldier, whose epic march with his ragged army over the icy passes of the Andes still stands as one of the world's greatest military feats.

Almost casually he tells us that the patriot was a horseman who could outride the wild *llaneros* (equivalent of the modern gauchos), was something of a poet and in his love-life a Don Juan. Despite this, Bolivar—a widower before he was twenty-one—loved only his tragic girl-wife and, in his declining years, his mistress Manuela, who saved his life and remained faithful to the end.

So determined is Mr. Ludwig to have no blemishes on his hero that he glosses over the unsavoury business of Bolivar's treatment of his fellow revolutionary, Miranda, who died miserably in a Spanish prison.

If at times Bolivar sought personal glory as much as the freedom of his country, his undoubted gifts as a far-seeing statesman (in 1815 he foreshadowed the future League of Nations) are clearly portrayed and deserve the unstinted admiration of his biographer.

JOHN NIVEN

APPROACH TO PALESTINE

By Robin Maugham. *Falcon Press.* 5s.

This latest of the Forum Books is called *Approach to Palestine*, but it might almost as easily have been called 'Reproach to Britain', for it is a gloomy enough picture of the alterations in emphasis, the expedients and the mixed motives which have led to the unhappy and unpromising situation of the Promised Land today. The British may indeed be said to have tried everything to make the Mandate a success. Unfortunately, through various pressures, an honest attempt to see both sides of the question, and the virtual impossibility of balancing the racial and political fact of Palestine as an Arab country with the tense emotional ideal of Palestine as a Jewish national home, they rarely tried any given thing very long. And neither Jews nor Arabs were at any point accommodating or reasonable.

This is a very short history of the problem, treated historically, and followed by a section of personal observation in narrative form. The history tells the story of the early Palestine and the Dispersal, and then of how what had been the cockpit of the East became the centre of an emotion which was world-wide. The story since the last war is told in greater detail, with considerable extracts from the official correspondence and declarations, with an impartial assessment of the case for both Jews and Arabs, whilst pointing out, salutarily enough, that the population of Palestine in 1936 was only 28% Jewish, although omitting to stress that this country of limited resources now has perhaps the highest birthrate in the world. The steps leading to the laying down of the Mandate, and the weight of Jewish influence on American politicians and publicists, are properly stated.

The personal observation is also fair reporting, if hardly distinguished writing, and although no solution is offered—and how could it be?—this represents a tolerable, if apparently rather hurried, introduction to the subject.

C. J. PENNETHORNE HUGHES

THE STREET TRADERS' LOT: LONDON 1851

Henry Mayhew's original work recalled by Stanley Rubinstein. *Sylvan Press.* 12s. 6d.

In 1849, when the reading public was lapping up *David Copperfield* in monthly instalments, there began to appear in the *Morning Chronicle* a remarkable series of articles designed to reveal the conditions in which the labouring classes were then living. Henry Mayhew, whose idea this was, and whose articles on the London poor were the most outstanding of the series, was a man of parts: playwright, novelist, wit, journalist and co-founder of *Punch*. His chief claim to fame, however, is his *London Labour and the London Poor*, a collection of his *Chronicle* articles published in two volumes in 1851.

Claimed by Mayhew as 'the first attempt to publish the history of a people, from the lips of the people themselves', these volumes give a detailed, unsentimental and shocking picture of life amongst London's poor a hundred years ago. The present work is not a reprint of Mayhew's book, but a selection, edited and annotated by Mr. Rubinstein, of those parts which dealt with street-sellers: the flower girl, the baked potato man, the book auctioneer, the match girl, the sellers of boot laces, dog collars, oysters, and other such itinerants. Mayhew's method was to go amongst these people, gaining their confidence and, by judicious questioning, obtaining vivid, factual and often moving, accounts of their daily life.

Even bearing in mind the alteration in money values, the earnings of those street hawkers come as an unpleasant revelation. An apple girl of eighteen, sitting at her stall from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., thought herself lucky to earn 1s. 6d. a day. An Irish orange seller, earning sixpence a day, said to Mayhew: 'Thankful I am for to be able to live at all; throth it is, in these sore times.' Two costers, selling greens in the morning and nuts in the evening, made half-a-crown a day. (Some contrast to the incomes reputedly made by West End barrow boys today!) Many of those Mayhew talked with were cripples. One old groundsel-seller, paralysed down one side, was on his feet for ten hours each day, making the princely sum of four shillings a week. The investigations revealed a remarkable independence of spirit, typified by the nutmeg-grater-seller, a cripple forced to drag himself along on knees and elbows. He told Mayhew that he could have had a place in the workhouse but 'I would die in the streets rather than be a pauper.'

The costermonger of those days was an enthusiastic theatre-goer ('love and murder suits us best, sir'); and Mayhew's account of an evening at the Coburg is a superb piece of descriptive writing. The Church, however, had hardly the same appeal; in fact not three costers in a hundred had ever been inside a place of worship, or knew what was meant by Christianity. Not altogether surprising.

In recalling these pictures of the past, Mr. Rubinstein has performed a worthwhile service, and given us an extraordinarily fascinating book.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

ART AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

By Alex Comfort. *Falcon Press.* 7s. 6d.

A new generation of young poets is treading on the heels of those who marched, singing, in the nineteen-thirties into the anti-Fascist ranks—or into California. Dr. Comfort, already, and still in his twenties, a notable writer, critic, and thinker, speaks here for those who find political power, political propaganda, political organisation, even, whatever its colour, the enemy of man, who believe that the artist's responsibility is not to 'society' but to his fellow-individuals.

Dr. Comfort, in advocating his own brand of pacifist anarchism, finds himself obliged to seek new definitions of 'romanticism', and this leads him into fascinating by-ways of literary, art and film criticism; or leads him into indicating the by-ways, for this is a short book, and valuable more for the hares it starts than for those it catches.

It can be argued that Dr. Comfort makes 'romantic' mean what he wants it to mean, but his case for what he calls the romantic is sound enough: 'I recognise the seeds of madness in myself . . .; I must suspect all bodies based on power . . .; when lunacy is a norm, cynicism is a duty.' If there is more to it than that—well, ninety pages is little room in which to measure closely the responsibility of the artist to humanity against the collective responsibility of all men who live, whether they like it or not, in groups. What is certain is that society needs such non-conforming 'romantics' as Dr. Comfort; we have still to appreciate humanity's debt to those who condemned, while we waged the war, the way we waged it—even that we waged it at all. It was those of us who believed that the war was necessary that needed most of all the continual reminder that all war is evil.

CYRIL RAY

ART AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

By Francis D. Klingender. *Noel Carrington.* 21s.

The relationship of the artist to the society he lives in is the all-engrossing problem in contemporary aesthetics. In his latest book Francis Klingender has examined a period of history when the connection was most obvious and, perhaps by virtue of its very concreteness, has carried the discussion on to a far more rewarding plane. Drawing upon many unusual and fascinating sources, he traces the effect of the rapidly developing Industrial Revolution not only on Art but on the whole of taste and thought.

In the movement's early days, when the combination of iron and steam was beginning to fix its grip on the North, science and industry appeared as noble things; the new factories and pits were greeted with enthusiasm.

> Press'd by the ponderous air the Piston falls
> Resistless, sliding through its iron walls;
> Quick moves the balanced beam, of giant-birth,
> Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth.

is how Erasmus Darwin, leading light of the *Lunar Society*, describes the action of a steam-engine. This spirit finds expression in the paintings of John Wright and others, and in the spate of topographical drawings and aquatints: yawning quarries and iron works belching flames against a background of trees; canals and mills looking like country mansions are romantic, inspiring places. Even the mechanical drawings are a delight to look at, if not quite so accurate as the blueprint. There is yet no conflict between Art and Science.

But this mood wasn't to last for long. Without going as far as the Luddites, thoughtful men realised that the transformation was getting out of control. The misery of child labour, the smoky hell of the Black Country, the terrifying population theories of T. R. Malthus shattered the dream. This finds some reflection in Art, as in the infernal scene shown in W. Read's '*Drawing Retorts at the Great Gas Light Establishment, Brick Lane*'. But generally the connection is not so mechanical as this and the values of the age find their truest expression in the retreat of the artist into academic dullness and in the widespread ostentation in taste.

Dr. Klingender finishes on a more optimistic note with the paintings of the working engineer, James Sharples, and, rather surprisingly, the realist wing of the Pre-Raphaelites, led by Ford Madox Brown.

The illustrations by themselves are well worth your guinea.

J. R. ST. JOHN

BEHIND THE BAR

By A. E. Bowker. *Staples.* 18s.

Mr. A. E. Bowker has a record of fifty years spent in the Temple during which time he has acted as barrister's clerk, both to Sir Norman Birkett and to the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall. The great number of opportunities which he has had to observe these two outstanding legal personalities since their earliest days, in and out of court, enables him to draw a contrast between the characters of the two men and between their different methods of approach to the tortuous rôle of defending counsel in which both gave such consistently brilliant evidence of their power.

Marshall Hall emerges as a barrister with a keen sense of the dramatic, a love of rhetoric and an uneven temper, while Norman Birkett, whose career Mr. Bowker traces right up to his appearance as one of the United Kingdom judges at the Nuremberg Trial, appears to the author to possess the less spectacular, though perhaps more formidable, qualities of immense patience, application and an unshakable courtroom composure. Concentrating, for his theme, on the work of these two famous silk, Mr. Bowker has, with a careful accuracy of detail, compiled a volume of memoirs which provide an impressive, if at times a somewhat rambling, record of all those cases—treason, murder, divorce, legitimacy, libel—which, during half a century of English law aroused, and in retrospect continue to arouse, public interest and curiosity.

Here is set down the story of such trials as that of Lock Ah Tam, the Chinese agent, accused of murdering his wife and two daughters; of Buck Ruxton, the Parsee doctor, facing the double charge of the murder of both his wife and their children's nurse; of Mrs. Pace accused of poisoning her sadist husband with arsenic obtained from sheep-dip; and of Nodder, the murderer of the eight-year-old child, Mona Tinsley.

As one reads this book, such fundamental questions as that of the relation between insanity and guilt, of the conflict between justice to the individual and protection for society against crime, and indeed of the very nature of evil itself, manifest themselves. Into them it is not Mr. Bowker's purpose to inquire, but he provides abundant material upon which others, with these larger issues in mind, may ponder.

ANTHONY CURTIS

View of Loch Affric and snowcapped Ridge of Main Soul. From *I Return to Scotland* by S. P. B. Mais. Christopher Johnson. 10s. 6d.

HARROW SCHOOL, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

By E. D. Laborde. *Winchester.* 30s.

Reviewed by Edward Hulton, O.H.

The criticism of 'Public Schools' can be said to have passed through several successive stages within the life-span of one now living. In the early nineteen twenties it was still 'taboo'. Then came Alec Waugh's *Loom of Youth*, whose mild revelations caused a sensation at the time. There followed the period when 'progressives' considered the curriculum obsolete and decadent. The latest fashionable idea is that the education provided is too good to be the monopoly of the 'privileged classes'. Today, a large number of scholarships have been thrown open to working class boys. Actually at Harrow 'scholars' have never been, in recent decades, segregated in a special House, or compelled to wear a special dress, as at Eton, where there is a snobbish distinction between the segregated and gowned 'King's' scholars and the ungowned 'Oppidans'. The counterpart of all this on the Hill is but a dim distant memory. Harrow was indeed founded as a free Grammar School for local boys of all classes, though it was never an 'ordinary Grammar School' and at an early date attracted some of the protégés of 'Bloody Mary'. John Lyon, the yeoman Founder, also made provision for a number of 'foreigners' from outside the parish, who were to pay. By the eighteenth century the 'foreigners' had pretty well got the school to themselves, and a separate school, still existing, had to be built for the local boys. Distinguished 'foreigners' of this epoch have included Lord Gort, V.C., Field-Marshal Alexander and Winston S. Churchill, who was not, however, particularly distinguished while still in the school.

This book, by E. D. Laborde, a former master, is one of the most satisfactory accounts of Harrow. There are *des longueurs*, as in the pages devoted to the Chapel, an unsympathetic Gothic revival by Gilbert Scott. Indeed the author dilates on all the school architecture with the undiscriminating enthusiasm of some of the compilers of guides to English holiday resorts, not distinguishing between the decorated hideosity of the Vaughan Library, or the stark horrors of the 'Stinks Schools', on the one hand, and the 'Old Schools', a unique and haunting building. His short account of each of the Boarding Houses is more rewarding, as is the not unimportant subject of the peculiar, but meet-to-be-preserved school dress.

The work is very readable, is well illustrated, and is worthy of forming a part of the possessions of every Old Harrovian.

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HARRAP

THE BALLET OF MOMENTS UNBORN

By Albert Viney. *Andrew Melrose.* 10s. 6d.

Although we are informed that *The Ballet of Moments Unborn* is Mr. Viney's first novel, it contains the experience and the thought of a lifetime. It is a fantasy composed of many elements not often found together: adventure, travel, a wide acquaintance with history and literature, an apocalyptic imagination and rare ingenuity. A sample of Mr. Viney's dialogue, picked out more or less at random, will show that his is a book demanding the reader's whole attention: 'You are a smoke-screen, assisting the British Cabinet to round awkward corners by answering pre-arranged questions about the escape of Charles Dandolo. Was the escape connived at, like Mussolini's? Isn't it a fact that the boy in question is a Forcalquier, a Bourbon? *Sub judice* does not exist in your case. Indeed, proof of your innocence would disgruntle everyone, clergy, laity, high and low. Our wireless reception station in what we call the "city" keeps us in touch with all this. Whether you help us or not, here you are safe and welcome. Master Sharles, you befriended a bibliophile—can mortal man do more? I do but particularise when I identify that bibliophile as my son, Nan-foo.'

Though the action covers thousands of miles and its motives involve the history of thousands of years, though the principal issue at stake is no less than the future of Europe, Mr. Viney's intricate plot remains perfectly coherent. The hero and narrator, a young schoolboy of aristocratic but complex parentage, retains his mannerisms—but especially his habit of exclaiming 'Gosh!' and 'I say, sir!' with somewhat irritating regularity—in spite of his precocity in other matters, his erudition and the greatness thrust upon him by adventure and circumstance. Of the many characters in Mr. Viney's novel, we can select only a few; 'mater', who indulges in periodical nuptial flights; Dandolo, tutor, adventurer and bibliophile, who dies a terrible death; 'Cauliflower', the neo-Fascist schoolmaster; and Ting Ching-wei, the descendant of countless generations of Tings who have observed and meddled with the course of European civilisation. Charles, the hero, and Ting are up against a mysterious, black-coated fraternity, '. . . the Jesuits—I use the term *Jesuit* as covering any professional obscurantist whose paid job it is to maintain the *status quo* by blindfolding, if not gouging out, the eyes of the mind.' We are given glimpses into Shakespeare's lost autobiography, 'These

my bones of Fancy', written in a style that put Livy's *Euphues* to shame, into the diary of Mattatias, 'lost' historian of Rome and Judah, and, of course, into the 'Ballet of Moments Unborn'.

It is a pity that this book is disguised in a cover that suggests 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' or at best one of the more trashy historical romances. Let us hope that those who are qualified to appreciate Mr. Viney's unusual gifts will penetrate this camouflage.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE CELLAR

By J. D. Scott. *Pilot Press.* 6s. 6d.

In this grim and disillusioned novel, Mr. Scott reveals a contrast between actual personality and its protective façade, indirectly presenting an illuminating commentary on 'snob' social values. The narrator is a young airman, Aubrey Gray, who is shot down over occupied France, where he is hidden by a patriotic Frenchman, M. Lequerque. In his host's cellar, he is joined by two other fugitives from the Nazis: Virginia, a lovely and sophisticated nurse, and Alec, a working-class Scottish soldier. It is through the bond of common danger that unites the four that we are shown their true characters—the bitter sense of frustration that underlies Lequerque's patriotic bravado; the squalid Scottish childhood so successfully concealed by Virginia's polished nonchalance; and, finally, Aubrey's sense of personal inferiority and futility, which is manifested by his admitted desire to seek protection behind the well-padded camouflage of his father's wealth and the smoke-screen of convention. Alec alone remains what he appears —*l'homme moyen sensuel*—and it is he, not Aubrey, who finally succeeds with Virginia. After their escape, Virginia and Aubrey return to England, where she rejects his rather pathetic proposal and marries his wealthy friend. Aubrey himself becomes engaged to a typical 'nice girl' of his own set, whose limitations he recognises as clearly as his own.

The Cellar is a first novel, and it naturally displays some of the angularities of inexperience. But Mr. Scott avoids the twin pitfalls of cliché writing and cliché thinking; his style is succinct, and he dissects his characters with merciless precision. For those who can face the blemishes the mirror reveals, I recommend a study of the close-ups in *The Cellar*.

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CARRIAGES AT ELEVEN

An Account of the Theatre, 1897-1914

By W. McQueen-Pope. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

It is with theatres as with places—the more you know of their past history the more interesting they are in the present. It is pleasant, as you sit waiting for the curtain to go up in the Criterion Theatre, to reflect that it was in that theatre that Shaw, as a dramatic critic, was given a seat behind a pillar and led to complain that the worst of having a reputation as a critic of acting is that 'they place you behind an obstacle which prevents you from seeing more than one person at a time.' That was in 1895. Mr. MacQueen-Pope's account of the theatre starts two years later than that and its crowded pages carry you on in a whirl of plays, actor-managers, stage-hands, and first-nighters until the outbreak of the First World War.

I have done a bit of statistical work with the index of this book and find that, as near as makes no difference, the names of seven hundred and fifty people associated in one way or another with the theatre of those days are there listed; the number of plays mentioned is about three hundred and fifty. These facts give some idea of the detail which the author has managed to crowd into his pages; but the last thing he had in mind was to set down the dry facts of theatrical history within a set period. What he has done is to give the facts all right but to infuse them with the warmth of recollected enthusiasm. In doing so, he has recaptured in some part the atmosphere of those days in which a visit to the theatre was a social occasion and all theatre programmes stated 'Carriages at Eleven'.

Those were the days of the great actor-managers and about them Mr. MacQueen-Pope has very definite opinions: 'Tree gave us Shakespeare in all his glory, not only in that terrific orchestra of word-music but in settings in which the author himself would have revelled . . . Shakespeare at His Majesty's meant great acting in great stage-pictures. Nor did anyone except those who will always find fault cavil at it. Today we hear much about elaborate scenic settings swamping the actor. Perhaps at His Majesty's the actors were of a stature to stand up to this scenery.' There is perhaps too much of this giants-in-those-days attitude throughout the book for us to remain wholly uncritical, but at the same time it is that attitude which enables the author to write with such enviable gusto.

Fortunately the giants are not always shown in remote fullness of their glory. There are numerous incidents and snatches of dialogue which make them less overpowering.

The best of these is the one about a mishap Tree had when making an entrance down a chimney. An apparatus was designed, chiefly of elastic ropes, to enable him to fall realistically down the chimney and regain his feet unharmed. But something went wrong. The ropes broke his fall all right but jerked him into the air again and kept him bouncing long enough to ruin the performance.

The reader will learn little about the quality of plays produced in the years under review; but after reading this book, next time he goes to His Majesty's or to the St. James's theatre, he will be more keenly aware of the fact that it is in such places that the atmosphere of pre-1914 is most distinctly felt.

And next time he passes that empty shell of a theatre in Sloane Square he may recollect a little wistfully that, although that theatre was rather too far west for carriages at eleven, nevertheless the combined efforts of Vedrenne, Granville-Barker and Shaw had them rolling up there with unfailing regularity in the early years of this century.

HUNTER DIACK

THREE GOT THROUGH

Memoirs of an Arctic Explorer

By Martin Lindsay, D.S.O., M.P.

Falcon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

During the years 1930–1 Mr. Lindsay was a member of Gino Watkins's British Arctic Air-Route Expedition. Three years later he led his own three-man expedition to explore and survey the 350-mile stretch of country of the East Greenland hinterland which lies between Scoresby Sound and Mount Forel. These two expeditions have already been made the subject of excellent books (at present out of print) by Mr. Lindsay, entitled respectively *Those Greenland Days*[1] and *Sledge*[2], and in the present volume the author makes extensive use of the material contained in them.

The primary object of the 1930 expedition was to establish and maintain a meteorological station on the Ice-Cap. The original intention was to maintain the station throughout the winter by a relay of two-man reliefs, but by December weather conditions became so bad that it was found impossible to transport sufficient food to support two men for the remaining winter months. The post—and main purpose of the expedition—must have been abandoned at this stage had it not been for the amazing courage and self-sacrifice of August Courtauld who volunteered to remain there alone. His solitary vigil from 6 December 1930 until his ultimate relief, at the second attempt, on 5 May 1931, must rank as one of the most astonishing feats of endurance in the annals of Arctic exploration.

Mr. Lindsay's 1934 expedition is chiefly remarkable for being the longest Arctic journey by a self-supporting party ever successfully undertaken.

The author and his two companions travelled over 1,000 miles, climbing 10,850 feet and surveying some hundreds of miles of unmapped territory. They travelled in the face of every sort of hardship and misfortune from coast to coast across the Greenland Ice-Cap, sledging for 103 days and eventually arriving at Kangerdlugsuak Fjord with only two and a half days' food in hand.

As one would expect, the accounts of both these expeditions largely comprise descriptions of hardship and endurance, which might make monotonous reading were they not interspersed and relieved by numerous amusing anecdotes and incidents. In a straightforward, trenchant style, leavened with a robust sense of humour, the author presents a lively picture of his companions, whose characters are endowed with almost superhuman fortitude as well as some very human foibles.

It is through the liberally quoted diaries of Andrew Croft and the late Lieut.-Col. Arthur Godfrey (who accompanied him on the second expedition) that we get a true assessment of his own character.

Inclined to hasty judgment and somewhat impatient of shortcomings in others, he nevertheless possessed all the attributes essential to the success of such an undertaking. Self-confident in leadership, unfailing in enthusiasm and steadfast of purpose, he is endowed, above all, with an unusually large measure of that indefinable quality which we call 'guts' and for which there is no adequate polite synonym in the English language.

These chronicles, sometimes thrilling, always full of human interest, form a fitting tribute to men of like calibre.

JAMES CLARK

[1] *Those Greenland Days.* Blackwood. 1932. [2] *Sledge.* Cassell. 1935.

Books Received

BUCHMAN, Frank N. K. REMAKING THE WORLD. *Blandford Press.* 5s.

Contains forty-two speeches by Dr. Buchman, many of which have not previously been published.

DURRELL, Lawrence. CEFALU. *Editions Poetry.* 8s. 6d.

A novel. In June 1950 a small party of sightseers finds itself trapped in the newly-discovered labyrinth of Cefalu, in the island of Crete. The guide in charge is accidentally and suddenly killed, and falls of rock separate several members of the party from the main body. The chief interest of the story lies in the reactions of the people involved in this adventure, the reasons for their going in the first instance and the effect the journey has upon each of them.

ELDRIDGE, F. B. THE BACKGROUND OF EASTERN SEA POWER. *Phoenix House.* 18s.

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GAL, Hans. THE GOLDEN AGE OF VIENNA. *Max Parrish & Co.* 6s.

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GORMAN, Herbert. BRAVE GENERAL. *Cassell.* 15s.

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GOSSAERT, Jan (Mabuse). THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. *Lund Humphries.* 4s. 6d.

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Foreword by Richard Hanson, M.A., B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, former dean of King's College, London.

TUNNICLIFFE, C. F. HOW TO DRAW FARM ANIMALS. *Studio Publications.* 3s.

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VALLANCE, Aymer. THE GREATER ENGLISH CHURCH SCREENS. *Batsford.* 30s.

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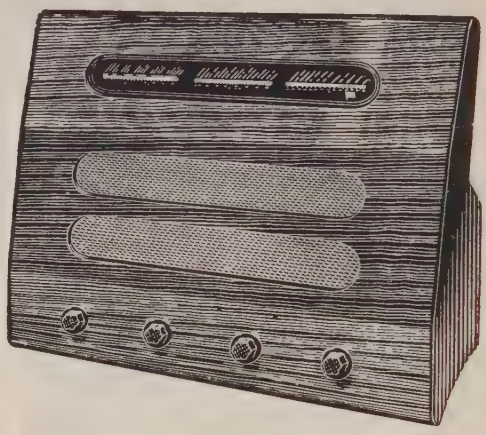

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Cross-Section

OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Exit 'Empire'

A DECISION of much symbolic significance was made recently without attracting very great public notice—nothing less than the formal abandonment of the term 'Empire' as applied to the greatest political entity in human history. One would suppose that a change of so much interest would have formed the subject of prolonged and serious debate, the widest consultation, and finally of solemn and formal pronouncement, but what actually happened was this. An amending Bill to regulate the practice of doctors and pharmacists was being considered in committee of the House of Lords, when Lord Altrincham called attention to the fact that doctors practising outside the United Kingdom were described as 'Colonial practitioners', and that this term as applied to the Dominions was now obsolete. The Government agreed, consulted its draftsmen, and announced as the result that 'the word Commonwealth alone can properly be given the wider meaning of all territories within the Empire including the Dominions.' Those communities enjoying fully responsible status will be referred to as the Commonwealth of Nations; those in progress towards that status will be designated as parts of the Commonwealth. Thus, it will no longer be necessary to refer to 'the Commonwealth and Empire', and accordingly the word 'Empire' disappears. It goes out, to quote a well-known phrase, 'not with a bang but a whimper'. The nomenclature applies, of course, not merely to this Bill but will be adopted generally. In this quite casual and incidental way, that much maligned term Empire is quietly buried, with not even Mr. Churchill to pronounce its obsequies. Presumably, so long as the Colonial Office exists, we may still refer to Colonies, but at the present rate of progress that may not be so long.

Crown Colonist

America's 'Empire'

PROBABLY most Americans frequently forget the extent of the territory held by the United States outside its continental borders. In the Caribbean there are Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Canal Zone; in the Pacific the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, Guam, American Samoa, Wake, Midway, Canton, Enderbury, and the former Japanese islands and mandates over which we have been given trusteeship by the United Nations. These possessions are governed in many different ways, and one or several of them are under, variously, Army, Navy or Interior. In none of the three departments is governance of the islands within its jurisdiction a primary responsibility of that department. It is something that is done with the left hand, when there is time.

Hawaii soon may be removed from the list if, as is expected, the Statehood Resolution passed by the House last summer is approved this spring by the Senate. Proponents of Alaskan statehood also are hopeful of favourable action within the next few years. The situation as to the others is not so clear, nor so promising. There has been considerable agitation in Congress since the war for the granting of citizenship to the people of Guam and for its establishment as a territory, under civilian control. Guam, American Samoa, the other Pacific islands and the trusteed islands now are under the Department of the Navy.

Because most of the islands are relatively unimportant economically, it has been easier for Congress to forget about them than to legislate wisely on their behalf. The Philippines were established as a republic in accord with our promise when we secured them from Spain in the war of 1898. But like promises to Guam and Puerto Rico have not been carried out. The people of all our overseas territories,

except Hawaii and Alaska, have been discriminated against economically—which is said to be one of the underlying reasons for the anti-American sentiment in Panama—and denied in some cases even the protection of the Bill of Rights. With so much of the rest of the world, and particularly its dependent peoples, looking to the United States for leadership, it would be well if we took a greater interest in our colonial problem and then did something constructive about it.

New York Times

Bizonia

BOTH the United States and Britain are moving ahead—though cautiously—with what has been called 'the biggest, most dangerous gamble yet in the "cold war".' The gamble involves the focal point of that war, Germany, and its relation to the general recovery of Western Europe. It has for some time been clear that, so long as Germany's economy languishes, Europe's will languish. And it should be evident now, after two Big Power conferences have failed to resolve the issue, that the Soviet Union has a vested interest in Europe's chaos and therefore will sabotage economic unity in Germany as long as she can.

Now that we have given up the dangerous idea of creating a separate political state in Western Germany, our aim is to establish a single economic administration for the American, British, and, if possible, French zones. . . . The big advantages in this scheme are: (*a*) It will cut present occupation costs in the zones; and (*b*) It means Western Germany's economy can more easily be fitted into a general programme for European recovery.

As foreseen by both American and British authorities, news of the plan hardly reached the Russians when screams of protest went up. The Soviet propaganda machine in Eastern Germany is telling the people that the United States means to partition the Reich—an effective propaganda line which we must counter with assurances from German political leaders in the West. . . . The Western Powers are gambling that they can carry out their plan for the recovery of Germany and Europe without a final break with the Soviet Union. But though that break would have the darkest consequences for an eventual settlement in Europe, and perhaps for the United Nations organisation itself, the West has no other choice but to take the gamble.

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Re-educating Germany

ADULT education plays an even larger part in the life of Berlin than in other cities of Germany today. About 75,000 people attend the *Volkshochschulen*, but the average age of the students is over forty, in contrast, for example, with Hamburg where the majority of students are between twenty and thirty. The subjects studied are overwhelmingly 'escapist' (with the exception of modern languages)—philosophy, *Kunstgeschichte* and like subjects. If there is no official 'two-way street' between Berlin University in the Russian sector and the *Technische Hochschule* (now called the Technical University) in the British sector, students from the former have at least attended vacation lectures at the latter, and relations between education and youth officials, Allied and German, in the various sectors seem to be on friendly, constructive lines.

International Affairs

Soviets on Imperial Preference

THE imperial preferential tariff system is vital to Britain. Half her exports go to empire countries. Unlike the other West-European countries, Britain can get the grain, meat, fats, timber and non-ferrous metals she needs from her dominions and colonies.

The system of imperial preferential tariffs is the foundation of Britain's position in the world capitalist economy. It is for this reason that the United States is demanding the removal, or at least a substantial reduction, of the preferential tariffs. On every convenient occasion, from the Atlantic Charter and the lend-lease arrangement to the loan agreement, the United States has insisted on equal competitive opportunities with Britain in all the countries of her empire. This demand was reiterated at the Geneva trade conference, and it is now figuring as one of the indispensable conditions of further 'assistance' to Britain.

American credits granted to Britain on condition that she abolish or substantially reduce the preferential tariffs would enable the United States to seize a still greater share of the dominion and colonial markets. And this, in turn, would mean the economic break-up of the British Empire, the end of Britain as a first-class Power, her complete subordination to the United States and, in the long run, her conversion into a fiftieth, overseas state of America.

Pravda (Moscow)

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AND

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Capitalism in Petticoats

Now Moscow has put an ideological frill on the New Look. It is, they say, a sign of the failure of capitalism. All those flounces and layers and curves, they explain, are the results of a frantic effort of American merchants to bolster up falling sales—though they fail to note that actually the new styles have bolstered prices rather than sales.

The question is where this fancy attack on the fripperies of *laissez-faire* fashion leaves American women. According to Moscow, it leaves them 'energetically resisting' the New Look.

Has the courageous woman who has held to the old hem-line been cleaving unwittingly to the new party line? Must she now get a hoop skirt to protect herself from the Un-American Activities Committee? Or is the devotee who has laced herself into and stuffed herself out with the New Look the real subversive, riding the boom-to-bust cycle with a boomerang in her bustle and panic in her pleats?

Which way reaction, which way progress? New Look or New Deal? Fashions determined by fiat of Paris or fear of Moscow? Cloth cut to fit the form or the fancy, the crisis or the creed? We give up. *Christian Science Monitor*

Difficulties in Japan

American plans to eliminate the great industrial and banking combines from the future economy of Japan are breaking down. Attempts to organise manufacture and to give new life to trade by enlisting new men have not so far been attended by success, simply because the necessary expert knowledge does not exist outside the ranks of the great commercial families.

These chose their men well, educated them abroad, and secured their training in the intricacies of commerce. The personnel of Japanese business became something like the old guilds of London city. Knowledge of the craft was kept within their ranks, and the entrance to them was jealously guarded. Thus Japanese commerce became a close corporation.

Liberal political ideas are no substitute for practical knowledge of trade and industry. That is what General MacArthur is discovering. Little by little the members of the older firms are showing themselves indispensable. The dilemma that the American administration is facing is that, without utilising the services of the trained men, the expansion of industry must be slow, and relief from the financial burdens that fall mainly on America must be delayed.

Great Britain and the East

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Man in the Modern World

MEN no longer believe in the force of the spirit, but rather in the force of arms and the power of money. They believe that against an enemy nothing is forbidden; everything is permissible. It is characteristic of present-day moral consciousness that the enemy is no longer regarded as a man, as a 'neighbour' in the Biblical sense; we feel that we can do what we like with him. That is why the world is still full of the hatreds and the enmities which are destroying it.

We are here brought face to face with an extraordinary paradox. On the one hand, the world has manifestly become one world; what happens in one part of the world affects the whole world; war is no longer localised, but is universal and total. The world is being made one by the press, by improvements in communications, by the cinema, by broadcasting, and in many ways of which the older societies never dreamt. In all these ways, men and societies are being brought closer together. At the very time that all this is taking place, however, we see the development of extreme forms of nationalism such as the nineteenth century never knew. We have, on the one hand, universality and, on the other, a national separatism which is even now threatening us with a third world war in which humanity may be destroyed. Indeed, Man in our day gives the impression of being in his death-agony, or very close to it; the foundations of his existence are disappearing; he is experiencing a process of disintegration from within, rather than from without.

What is the principal cause of this state of affairs? I believe that it lies in the fact that the physical, and above all the psychological, make-up of man does not correspond at all with the technological civilisation of our epoch, which has developed in a way which is not only extraordinary but almost miraculous. The technological progress of the world has been unbelievable, and the inward development of man has not kept pace with it, because the spirit of Man was formed in another epoch, when he lived in harmony with the rhythm of nature and was attached to the land; whereas today he is detaching himself more and more from the soil as a result of technological progress. We are, in point of fact, coming to the end of the epoch in which the life of Man depended on the soil, and Man was in harmony with nature.

Man stands today in an altogether new relation to the cosmic forces; in a sense it may even be said that we are taking part in the end of the cosmos, in that we have left behind the order of nature contemplated by Greek thought, the thought of the ancient world and of the Middle Ages, which survived even in the first centuries of modern history. The splitting of the atom, the invention of the atomic bomb, symbolises a dissolution of the cosmos in its very core.

NIKOLAI BERDIAEFF in *International Affairs*

The Truth About Michael?

THE document which King Michael of Rumania had to sign before he left the country has been found, to the dismay of the Rumanian Government, not to contain a formal declaration of resignation by the King. The whole procedure was so hurried that the supposed declaration of abdication was drawn up by somebody who has not mastered the Rumanian language. Thus, in the twenty-first line of the published text the words run as follows: 'abdic . . . pentru mine si urmasii mei dela Tron', which means in English: 'I herewith lay down for myself and my successors to the throne.' . . . (full stop), without saying what is being laid down. In correct Rumanian, which construes the verb 'to abdicate' with the accusative and not with the genitive, the formula of abdication would have run as follows: 'abdic . . . pentru mine si urmasii mei la Tron', or in English: 'I herewith lay down for myself and my successors every claim to the throne.'

Thus King Michael, who knows Rumanian perfectly well, but who did not draft the text of his abdication, has signed a document which, logically and legally, means just nothing, because it contains a nonsensical grammatical solecism.

It also points to the origin of the text which Dr. Groza, the Rumanian Prime Minister, who himself is a very well-educated man, was forced to push under the King's nose. All the Slav languages, including Russian, construe 'to abdicate' with the genitive. Was the text written in the Kremlin, or by Mme. Anna Pauker, whose Rumanian is shaky, as her native tongue is Yiddish, and she was educated at a German school and German universities, and her family immigrated into Rumania before 1914 from Southern Russia? Or has the Ukrainian 'undercover' agent, Bodnaras, who is the secret power behind the official government, tried his pen at some Rumanian phrasing?

At any rate, some fierce reproaches from Moscow have reached the Kremlin's minions in Rumania, because the 'legality' of King Michael's departure has now been revealed as doubtful.

Whitehall News

Palestine Headache

THE present position in Palestine is the worst that could have been devised: no clear responsibilities on anybody, Jew and Arab increasingly violent, bickering and lobbying in UNO, and the threat of a spreading conflagration. Before Jew and Arab—sons of Abraham, both of them—live peaceably together, belying the prophecy of Genesis, it is going to cost much blood, sweat, tears and treasure. The partition plan of UNO is going to prove the most splitting headache which any of the nations involved have yet had to suffer. Such is the consensus of opinion among a number of prominent Washington officials with whom we have just discussed it.

Zionists and pro-Zionists in America, on the other hand, seemed almost unanimously confident that by the middle of 1948 the birth-pangs of the United Nations in producing its first offspring will have passed. Representative Emmanuel Celler (R., N.Y.), long an advocate of a Jewish State in Palestine, expresses little surprise at the strife and turmoil of the last three weeks. 'Labour pains accompany any new-born or newly created state,' he told us, 'and in the case of Palestine the problem is comparable to having twins. Same thing happened in India and Pakistan.'

Meanwhile, leading State Department and Army and Navy officials are watching closely the course of developments in the Middle East. They are praying, as it were, that the present conflagration will not get out of control. Now that the Jewish League in America is clamouring for the U.S. to give arms to Palestine Jews, some officials in Washington are privately muttering that the nations who voted for partition may have lent too credulous ears to the Zionists' assurances that the Arab threats were exaggerated.

American Outlook

Religion!

IN one of the churches in Abak District, while a collector was passing round the collection plate, a woman hurried in, dropped a coin in the plate, and went away. When the collector had finished collecting and was about to hand over the plate to the pastor, the woman rushed in again, snatched the coin from the plate and started away for the church door. The collector got hold of her, and asked her why she took back the coin. The woman pushed him away indignantly saying, 'Oh! I'm in the wrong church.'

Nigerian Eastern Mail

'Aren't they magnificently ugly?'

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Cause Célèbre

DONALD Duck of Hollywood, Calif., assumed international prominence when the Venezuelan Motion Picture Workers union took umbrage at his dog, Bolivar. The union held that use of that name for an animal was an insult to Venezuela's national hero, and banned Walt Disney cartoons until a change was made. The Disney studio immediately announced it would delete the dog from its comic strips.

News Week

'Fowl' Advertisement

PERHAPS road signs reached a new pinnacle in appeal when a small trader on the Pretoria road tried to attract passing motorist trade with the following sign:

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We appreciate that the moral precept should be added to advertising, but we still feel that our moral responsibility demands whether the fowls, which are willy nilly served up across the counter, have been asked whether they subscribe to the opportunism contained in the sign.

Trek, South Africa

Corners Into Congress?

IN New York, Scribner's published a novel by Jon Cleary called *You Can't See Around Corners*, which recently won a $5,000 award in Australia. The *Knoxville News Citizen* reviewed it as 'You Can't See Around Congress'. After checking reorders from the Knoxville area, Scribner's are wondering if they shouldn't adopt the *News Citizen*'s title for the whole next edition.

Saturday Review of Literature

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Twenty Questions!

THE Japan Broadcasting Corporation, seeking twenty announcers, decided to eliminate some of the 800 applicants through examinations on general information and current affairs.

Some of the answers: Renaissance—a famous French port; Lockout—the final blow in a boxing match; Cold war—a strong cold wave; Community Chest—policy of the Communist party; Comyns-Carr (British prosecutor in the Tojo trial)—relief train in the United States; Professor Eugen Varga (Soviet economist recently dropped from favour in the Kremlin)—tutor of Crown Prince Akihito.

New York Herald Tribune

World's Largest Town

THE iron-mining community of Kiruna in Swedish Lapland, which covers nearly 4,000 square miles—five and a half times as much as greater London—will be, so far as is known, the largest town in the world when it receives its town charter at the end of this year. Its population is about 18,000. *Anglo-Swedish Review*

Home Note

THE Communists were endeavouring to create a state of chaos so necessary for the success of their teaching. They were even infiltrating into knitting and sewing classes. *Catholic Times*

Roman Aid

WITH the idea of trying to simplify the transmission of telegrams, in Chinese, Ying Chang-chih, business manager of the Bank of Taiwan, has compiled a new *Telegraphic Dictionary*, the first, it is claimed, in which Chinese characters are completely romanised. At present, ideographs must be rendered into four-figure code numbers before they can be transmitted in a telegraph. Ying Chang-chih's plan is to use Roman letters to express Chinese characters in such messages, thus saving considerable time in coding and decoding. Ying Chang-chih's Dictionary contains 4,000 characters in common use and 11,000 words or terms formed from these characters in combination. In a few hours, the inventor claims, a person who knows Roman letters can use the dictionary.

China Newsweek

The World's Wheels

In 1946 there were 6,580,951 vehicles of all types on the road in Europe, as against 9,065,475 in 1938. In America, on the other hand, the number of vehicles had increased compared with the pre-war figure, from 31 million to 36 million. In the whole world the number of vehicles had grown from 43 million in 1938 to 45 million in 1946.

Carrefour

'Bolting' Forbidden

M. Camille Gutt, head of the International Monetary Fund, described the French devaluation scheme as 'annoying' but 'correctable'. Newspapermen asked the Fund if its inability to aid France, and stop such 'annoying' contretemps, proved that it was out of alignment with, and unsuited to, the post-war world of 1948, as contrasted with the war world of 1944 when Fund and Bank were set up. The reply was revealing: the Fund's duty is to bridle the various nations' currencies and stop them 'bolting'; the Bank's duty is to help to furnish sound permanent stables. Meanwhile the French filly has bolted, and the officials are studying the stable-doors. Indeed, as 'bolting' is contagious among sensitive steeds, both the International Bank and the Fund are examining their premises.

American Outlook

Dakotan Phenomenon

An AP dispatch reports a giant migration of snakes and toads in North Dakota along a 60-mile front. The snakes, it seems, are travelling north. The toads are fleeing south. This strikes us as something out of the ordinary—perhaps worthy of examination.

It isn't hard to see why the toads would part company with the snakes. As a matter of self-preservation, why didn't they think of that before? But why should the snakes leave the toads? Observation, carefully verified, supports the belief that snakes do not share with human beings any strong aversion to the family Bufonidae.

And why the whole migration, anyway? There may be a few North Dakotans so lacking in native pride that, recalling last summer, they may observe that even the snakes and toads refuse to face another one. That theory, however, can hardly claim serious consideration until the salamanders leave, too.

Christian Science Monitor

The Future is YOURS Prepare for it NOW

What about your future? 'Britain', said a famous author in a recent broadcast, 'is now a country glittering with great chances', but only for those who have had specialized training. One thing is certain—there is not, and never will be, a worthwhile place for the untrained.

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The Missing Driver

A TORONTO man was fined $50 for careless driving after Constable John Neal testified: 'I saw the car zigzagging and looked for the driver, but he was not behind the wheel at all. He was on the other side of the front seat, sitting on his lady friend's lap.'

Canada's Weekly

Equality of the Sexes!

FREDERICK NEWLING of Goulburn, New South Wales, had long thought it was time the female monopoly of leg beauty was challenged. So he went along two weeks ago as a competitor in the town's lovely legs contest. When it was protested that the contest was for women only, Newling replied: 'It only says "lovely legs", doesn't it?' So Newling, in sandals and with legs shaven and sun-lotioned, was thereupon permitted to line up with the girls behind a curtain which obscured the upper parts of their bodies. On applause rating Newling easily won. Last week in the final contest he finished second. Newling's measurements: ankle, 9 inches; calf, 14; knee, 13; thigh, 20.

Time

Ambassadorial Responsibility

MEN who travel abroad on Britain's business have a considerable responsibility, and an ambassador to a country where we are trying feverishly to develop our exports of men's clothing has a vital rôle. From this standpoint, hatless Sir Oliver Franks, our Ambassador-designate to the U.S.A., has much to learn. Consider the shirt, collar and tie, and the last button of the waistcoat.

Men's Wear

Ballet Time

ALTHOUGH the Christian New Year occurs in the middle of the ballet year, it is still a useful point at which to sit back and take stock.

World Ballet News

Authors' Uphill Road

THE increase in the subscription to the Society of Authors, from £1 10s. to £2 12s. 6d., has evoked comment from letter-writers to the *Author*, on the increased overhead costs of authorship. Mr. John Marsh says that, when he began to write fiction for a living twenty years ago, he used paper at 9d. a ream, carbon paper at 6d. a dozen sheets, and the cost of submitting a short MS. to perhaps a dozen editors averaged out at about 3s. 2d. Now a ream of 'nasty paper' costs 7s. 6d., envelopes, typewriter ribbons are up by 100 per cent, paper clips are 5d. a box, and any young author starting out to convince editors that his work is worth buying has to allow at least 5s. postage for every MS. written, reckoning on the dozen editors. 'And if he is really just starting and has to buy a typewriter of his own—well, God help him is all this pious old hand can say,' adds Mr. Marsh.

The Bookseller

'Martial' Thought

LATEST arrival on the scientific scene is 'astrobotany'—a combination of astronomy and botany. Developed in Russia, it studies plants in different climes at varying altitudes. Its purpose? To find a clue to the properties of plants that grow on Mars and other planets. Research is led by Gabriel Tikhov, who, after forty years of study, believes that the leaves of Martian plants darken during the arid summer and are shed in winter.

U.N. World, New York

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FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE

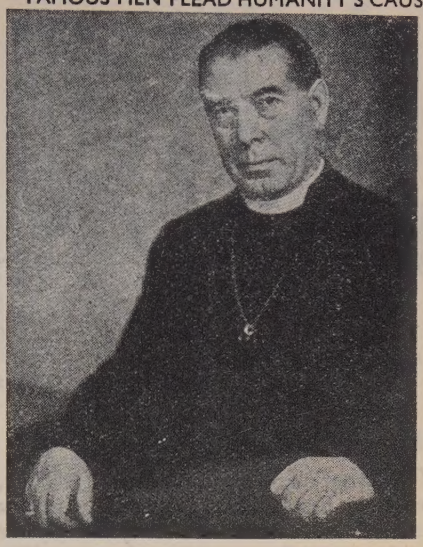

Photo: Elliott & Fry

THE RT. REV. DR. J. W. C. WAND

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

writes:

"Great strides are being made in the alleviation and cure of Cancer. Every sufferer should have the benefit of the latest researches. But that cannot happen unless there is adequate financial provision. Until the National Health Bill becomes Law, it remains necessary for The Royal Cancer Hospital to raise funds for the maintenance of its various departments and especially for its Research Institute. For the sake of every patient we must see that the work is carried on with undiminished efficiency."

★ *Gifts earmarked for "Research" will not be subject to State control* ★

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

'Excuse me, but I think you've forgotten to sign the cheques'
LES LETTRES FRANÇAISES

Huntin', Shootin' or Fishin'?

THE strange case of a man at Grimstad, Norway, who went fishing with a shot gun, and made a catch of half a dozen cod, is reported by the local paper, *Agderposten*. Writes the paper: 'We are not quite sure whether this comes under the category of fishing or hunting. We are now waiting to hear that someone has begun to use a fishing net to catch wood-grouse.'

Press Bulletin, Norway

Black for Nymphs!

SWIM suits and beach wear were shown in a Hawaiian atmosphere at a Press breakfast given by Beatrice Pines, Inc. (in Montreal); the trend toward the figure '8', the feminine form, appeared to replace the tomboyish look of the past few seasons. There was a demure note in the longer skirts, the artfully widened hiplines that should prove flattering to the average woman.

Black, the preference in Canada, for swim suits, made its appearance several times in different fabrics. One in crisp nylon taffeta was strapless with side peplums and a short full ballet skirt. Faille, in a two-piece number, had a gold braid in a Greek key design trimming both the wide brassière top and the front skirted briefs. Red and black checked taffeta laced the front of a black one-piece suit with a nymform built-in brassière. One sleek satin suit was beaded on the top with multi-coloured fish. The beach-wear consisted of terry cloth robes in both short and long styles with checked and printed linen trim. Their hoods were lined and their pockets bound in coloured fabrics. *Canada's Weekly*

Repeat Performance

MRS. MICHAEL WALKER, of Syracuse, N.Y., broke all medical records in New York when she gave birth to her second set of living triplets. Medical authorities said that the chances of two such triplet births to the same woman was about one in 54,000,000. Mr. Walker said he was tickled to death. *Newsweek*

First Things First

RECENTLY an accident occurred on the Tamavus by-pass road intersection in Suva (Fiji), and the person involved immediately telephoned for his lawyer, the ambulance and the police, and they arrived on the scene in that order. A case of 'safety first'.

West African Review

Maiden's Prayer

UNDERSTANDING female, gay-spirited, intellectual interests, admires Wallace, welcomes correspondence from mature males. Box 802-X.

. . . and the Answer

MALE, cultured, sense of humour, disgusted with materialism, wriggling in cul-de-sac, invites female correspondence. Box 801-X.

Ads. in *Saturday Review of Literature*

Headline!

A SHORT excerpt from the British Council's annual report mentioning the production of films by the Central Office of Information is headed

BRITISH COUNCIL FILMS
A new Odeon Service.

Well, well! Rank marches on.

Documentary Film News

Finis

IN a cemetery near Portland, England there are five tablets, alike except for the inscriptions, which read:

Anne, first wife of John Brown.
Mary, second wife of John Brown.
Jane, third wife of John Brown.
Clara, fourth wife of John Brown.
John Brown. At rest at last.

Melbourne Argus

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